Saturday Review

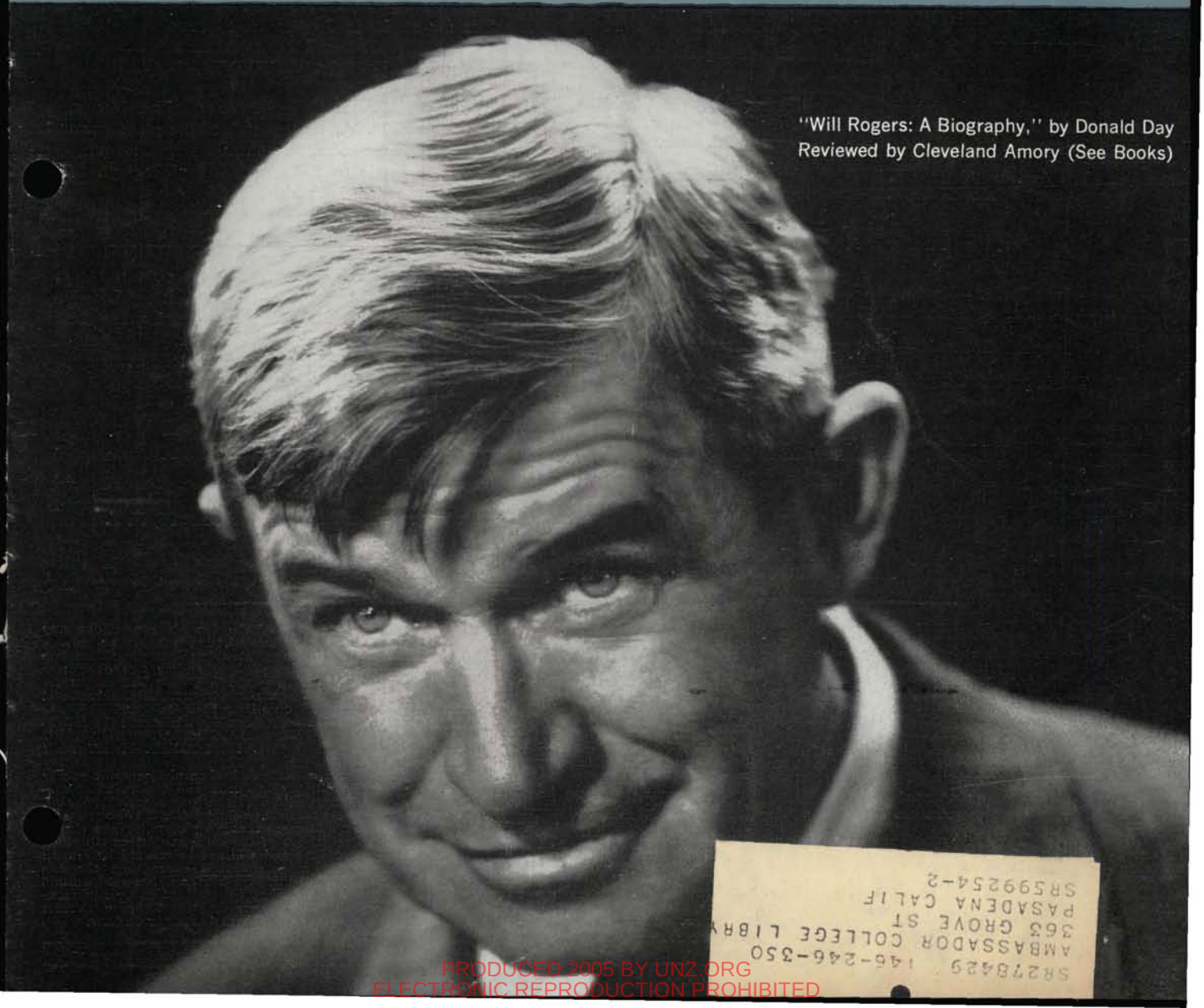
AUGUST 25, 1962 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

PIANO COMPETITIONS: TALENT HUNT OR SPORT?

A Preview of the Van Cliburn International at Fort Worth

By Carl Battaglia



"Will Rogers: A Biography," by Donald Day
Reviewed by Cleveland Amory (See Books)

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* TENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Competition

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO TOKYO**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO LONDON**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 5, 1963, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 5th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director of Photography in the Fine Arts.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1962.

SR's 1961 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Jane Justin Impastato of Pelham Manor, N. Y., 1961 winner of the grand prize for color. Mrs. Impastato won a round-trip to Paris with her photograph of the "Kashmiri Madonna."

John Beyer of Merrick, Long Island, 1961 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Beyer's photograph of a scene on the Nile in Luxor, Egypt, won a round-trip to Tokyo.

PHOTO AWARDS

➔

Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1961, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. Black-and-white photographs

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1962, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any close similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 5, 1963. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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A MONUMENTAL PUBLISHING ACHIEVEMENT
THE FIRST EDITION IN ENGLISH OF THE
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On October 31, 1962, Americans will at last have the opportunity to explore the splendors (and breathtaking surprises) of this long-awaited illustrated volume spanning all the ages, cultures, and races of mankind from the prehistoric dawn of human society to the fall of Rome... and incorporating the most modern knowledge in the fields of Art Criticism, Archaeology, History, Anthropology, Mythology, Iconography, Ethnology, and Comparative Religion.

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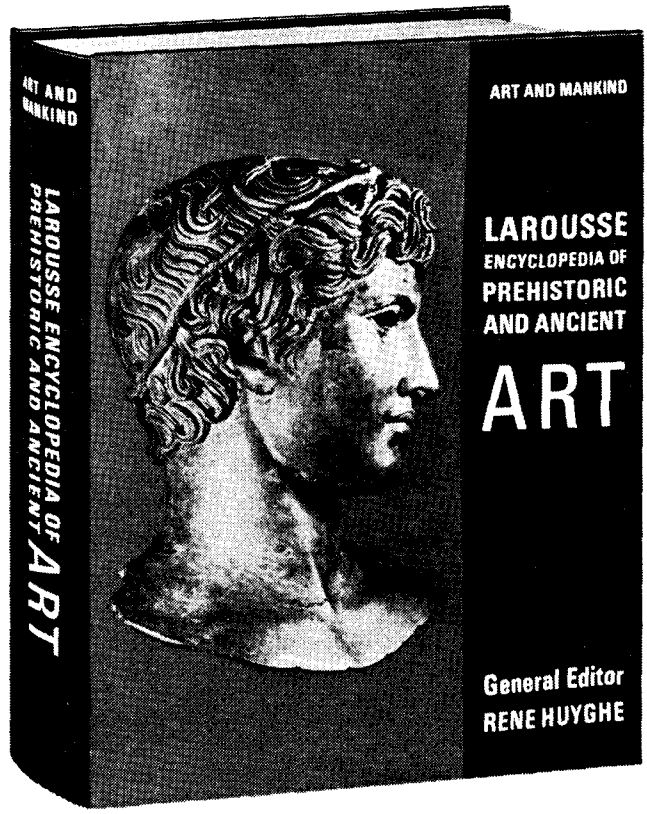
can be found here in a few moments. Yet this great "reference" book is designed not only to be consulted for facts but read for pleasure. To the connoisseur of ancient and primitive civilizations... to the student of history, ritual, and folklore... to all who are curious to wander the antique byways of myth and magic, mysticism and symbolism, it offers one of the great reading experiences of a lifetime. It will lead you spellbound not only through the history of *art* but through the history of *man* as well.



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Here are the cave paintings and rock frescos of prehistoric man... the awesome megaliths of Stonehenge and Carnac... sketches of women conceived with the sophistication of a stone-age Modigliani... and the first human jewelry. Here too, is the epic fusion of sex, religion, and art in the sacred rituals of the Mother Goddess.

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Then wander through the art of the incredible civilizations of ancient Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru... the masterpieces of the ancient Negro empires in Africa... the art of the South Pacific (where family albums are composed of smoked ancestral heads)... and the 20th century primitive cultures in which the earliest gropings of human art live again before our eyes.

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In order to build up the size of the first printing, and lower the cost per copy, we are accepting advance reservations. In return for placing your order now, you will receive the book at a special pre-publication price of only $14.95 — even if the final price turns out to be higher than the $17.95 now anticipated. (Offer expires Oct. 31, 1962).

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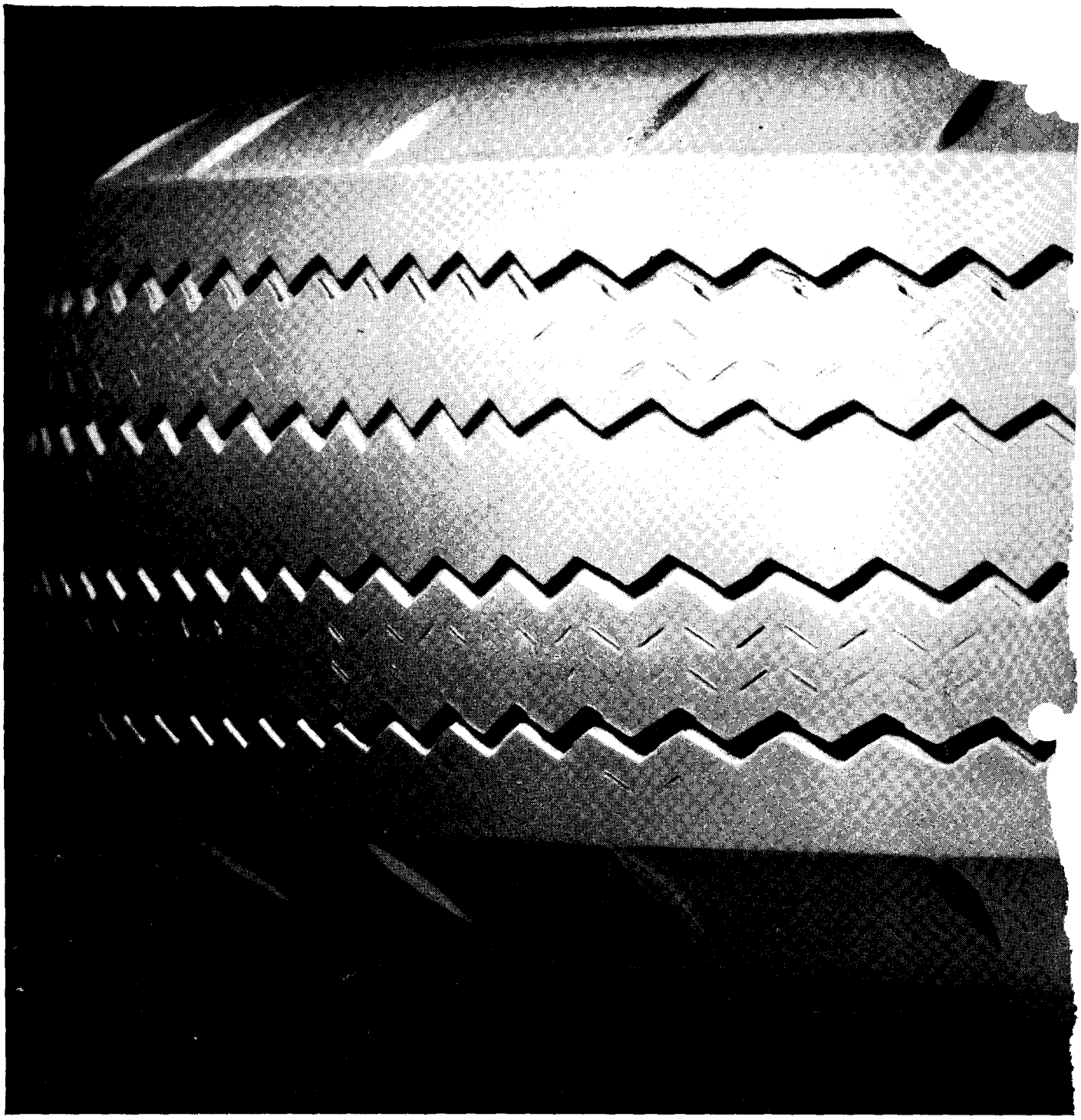

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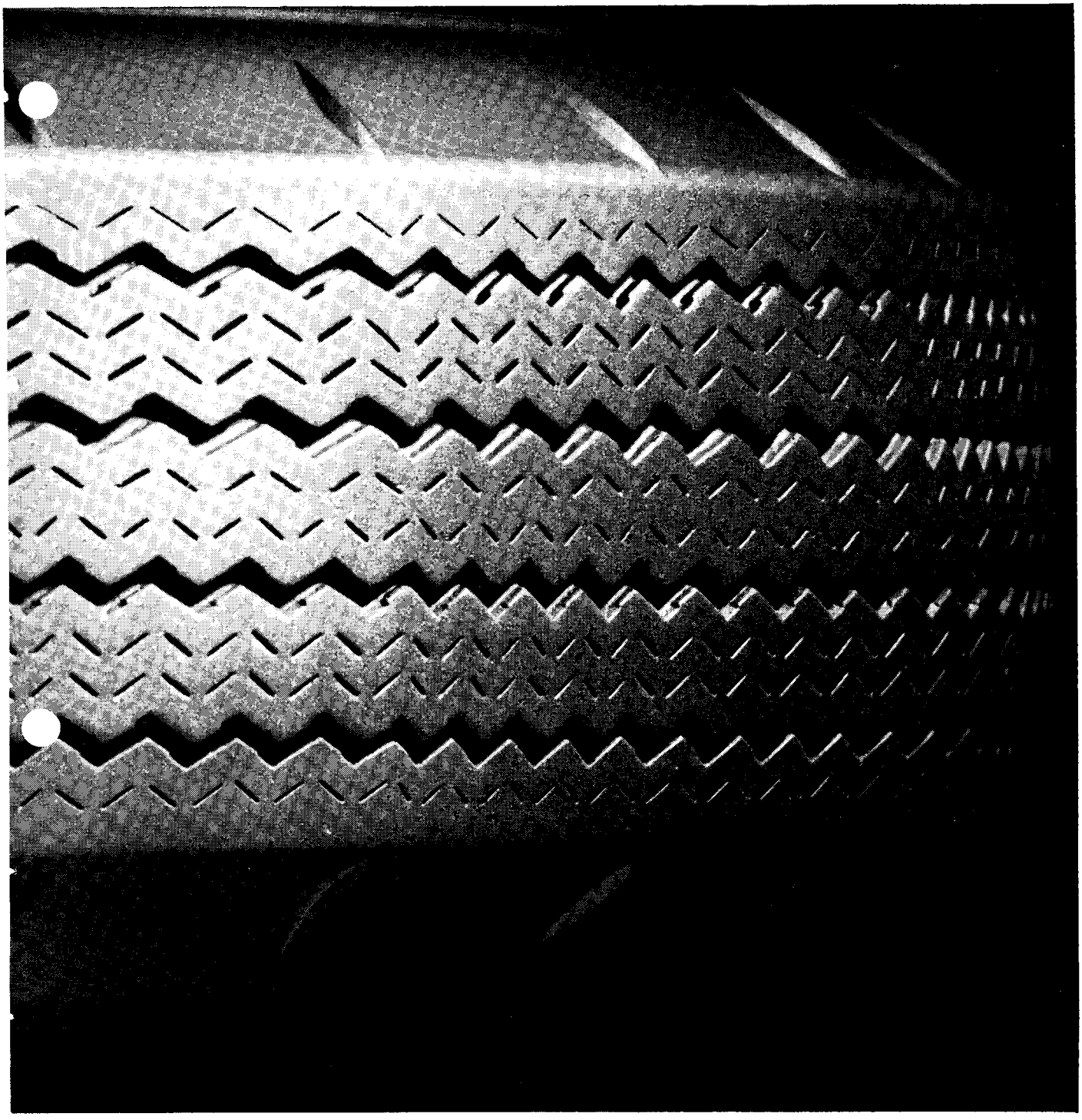

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GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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WHAT WE ARE NOT BEING TOLD ABOUT FALLOUT HAZARDS

There are about as many diverse opinions as there are authorities, and yet, on two points, the facts cannot be denied:

• As a result of fallout, *right now,* some people will suffer and some will die.

• Our own government has been confused, indecisive and less than forthright.

How safe is the food we are eating? The air that we breathe? Is there anything we can do to safeguard ourselves? Who is responsible for our protection and why is so little being done?

Without presuming to judge the morality of atomic testing, September Redbook presents a straightforward accounting of radiation hazards today and tomorrow.

September
REDBOOK
now on sale at all newsstands

Saturday Review

August 25, 1962

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Christmas Cards

A new group of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards. Paintings from the Italian primitives to Cézanne and Seurat, medieval ivories and miniatures in precious colors, Byzantine enamels on gold, Renaissance angels, tapestries and embroideries in colored silks, Greek vase paintings, drawings and prints by Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Dürer, and Gauguin, and a festive variety of designs from Egypt, India, China, and Japan. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, under the direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The catalogue – which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed about September first.

☆ The Metropolitan Museum of Art
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Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed ☆ $7

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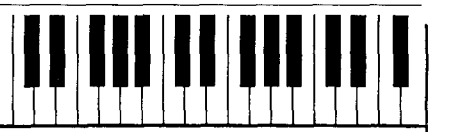

GERALD MOORE'S
view from the keyboard of our musical aristocrats

Am I Too Loud?

How does it feel to play the piano for Elisabeth Schwarzkopf? What was it like to be on the receiving end of Sir Thomas Beecham's caustic wit? What, in fact, is it like to be Gerald Moore, the most sought-after accompanist in the world today? You'll find out in this delightful autobiography. You can share in Gerald Moore's unique experiences with our leading concert artists – de los Angeles, Fischer-Dieskau, Casals, Menuhin, and dozens more. *Am I Too Loud?* has been applauded by critics and reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic. $4.95

MACMILLAN

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TRADE Winds

I WONDER HOW the National School Fallout Shelter Design Competition is coming along. This is a contest being conducted by the American Institute of Architects, under the sponsorship of the Department of Defense, to see who can come up with a good plan for the school of the future.

The problem is a delightful one: to design an elementary school incorporating a fallout shelter that can serve as "dual purpose space." This means, apparently, that in the absence of an emergency the area can be utilized, for example, as a kindergarten or principal's office. The shelter must have a capacity of twice the school population, thus providing room for a few relatives in addition to the kids.

This competition, according to the sponsors, "will stimulate development of new concepts . . . for future shelter design requirements . . . will incorporate attractive features . . . will produce structures of aesthetic appeal."

Hurry up, fellas and gals! The deadline is October 15. And $55,000 in prizes for the lucky architects! Get in here and design fallout shelters of aesthetic appeal!

VERY LITTLE PUBLICITY has been given to a recent dramatic discovery: an essay by Rhea Johnson of Washington proving that Shakespeare was a Texan. The facts are convincing .

"Shakespeare" was really an early pre-Texas Indian of the Black Friars

tribe. Known locally as Little Running Words of the Brazos, he was later captured by the Spanish invaders and in 1579 appeared mysteriously in England under the name "William Shakespeare." (Shake-speare is a loose translation of scalping-knife.) His close friends always addressed him simply as "Tex."

The name Othello is merely an Anglicized form of the Indian Azcapotalzco. Other references in the plays to Texas include:

Horses: "He doth nothing but talk of his horse." ("The Merchant of Venice")

Tidelands: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." ("Julius Caesar")

Grain Storage: "Two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff." ("The Merchant of Venice")

IN A BOOKSTORE—she would not say where—Trudy Drucker found the diet manuals on the calorie counter and geology texts on the continental shelf. Detective novels were stored in the mysterious case, books about Ireland were in the emerald aisle, and science books were on the periodic table. All those autobiographies of theatrical personalities were dumped together in the has bin.

EDUCATIONAL NEWS: Professor Donald Holroyd returned to his class at Florida State University and found that one of his students had written this on the blackboard: "e. e. has his short-cummings, but nobody can call him a capitalist."

And at Southwest Missouri State, one of Professor English Mills's students over-reached himself in guessing the answers to a quiz on Hawthorne. To the question "Which of Hawthorne's novels is about a Brook Farm type of experiment?" he replied, "Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm."

Following is the complete text of a television review written by a student in a class conducted by I. Leonard Fass of the College of the Pacific, Stockton, California:

"Camera 3: By now, I would guess that this program is supposed to be educational. I watched it once before and did not understand what was the purpose of it. This week they had Iris Maybry of Smith's College to do three different moods in modern dance. I would have benefitted much more from it if it was shown 8 months ago when I had modern dance. But I don't feel I've lost anything because I now understand the purpose of Camera 3."

FROM A CONNECTICUT WEEKLY: "More than fifty residents attended a cocktail party at the home of Mrs. So-and-So that was given to acquaint them with the work and needs of the Psychiatric Clinic for Children."

Ralph Newman's comment is that maybe the reasons some kids need psychiatric care is that their parents are going to those cocktail parties.

SHARPS AND FLATS: Virginia Puzo recalls that on her recent visit to the Orient she saw a party of armed Chinese tramping into the jungles early in the morning. She asked and learned that they were going on a bamboo shoot.

►Is there the basis for an ad campaign by the *Herald Tribune* here? An affluent-appearing gentleman settled in his train seat one morning in Darien and cried in disgust, "Dammit, I got the wrong paper!" as he opened the *New York Times.*

►What with all these legal eagles writing books, I went and looked up for you what Oscar Wilde said: "Lawyers have been known to wrest from reluctant juries triumphant verdicts of acquittal for their clients even when those clients, as often happens, were clearly and unmistakably innocent."

►One of the major stumbling blocks to a happy and successful ship launching is that the female often fails to break the bottle of champagne. Sometimes the ship slides away unchristened. Bad omen, etc. Now a patent has been given for an easily breakable champagne bottle just for launchings. It is filled with some carbonated liquid that fizzes. It sells at $4.95. In other words, a poorly constructed bottle containing a cheap champagne substitute will now cost more than the real thing.

►A woman divorced her husband because he was a mortician. Other undertakers objected, saying their wives learn to take it as a matter of corpse. But, he said, he was glad to get rid of her because she was always asking, "Cadaver few dollars to go shopping?"

►Donna Nordstrom saw a sign in a Dare, Virginia, store a while back: SUGGESTIVE MOTHER'S DAY GIFTS.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1481)

HERMAN WOUK
YOUNGBLOOD HAWKE

The circle of the elect she knew* was beyond her: the nearly invisible group into which one must be born. Fanny was fond of referring to this innermost circle as stuffy and dowdy, . . . though it can outdazzle people like Fanny without half trying when it chooses. It seldom so chooses.

*Two words inserted to get second K.

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SYLVIA PLATH

THE COLOSSUS AND OTHER POEMS

A new poet "of astonishing skill,"* Miss Plath is a young American, now living in England, whose work has appeared widely on both sides of the Atlantic. "She steers clear of feminine charm, deliciousness, gentility, supersensitivity and the act of being a poet. She simply writes good poetry."—A. ALVAREZ. **Time and Tide.*

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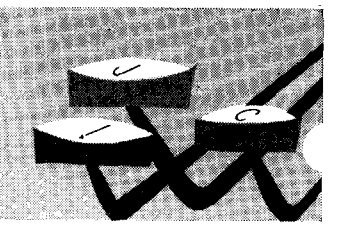
Manner of Speaking



BREAD LOAF TIME, MOUNTAIN TIME: It is Bread Loaf time again (the second to the fourth Wednesday of August), and Bread Loaf time is mountain time in the upland bowl of the Green Mountains, where Joseph Battell—conservationist, philanthropist, author of grandly unreadable tomes about the nature of things, keeper of the Stud Registry for Morgan Horses, and great dreamer—once raised his thoroughbreds, protected his virgin forests, corresponded with Morgan breeders across the United States and Canada, and built and operated his Bread Loaf Inn, which he later bequeathed to Middlebury College.

Bread Loaf lies eight miles east and up-mountain from East Middlebury, Vermont, which lies eight miles south of Middlebury on Route 7. On the books of Middlebury College, Bread Loaf is carried as the Mountain Campus. Unusable in winter, the old inn and the fleet of riverboatish old summer houses and lesser cottages that are moored along the meadow sides have to be winter-sealed with painful care toward the end of each September and put back into condition again late each spring. Their season is brief and lovely. However much the ice and snow may warp them in their hard winter, they come through year after year repaired for their green and gold summer.

That summer begins formally with a slow, quiet, and studious six-week session of the Bread Loaf School of English, a summer school of demanding standards and high accreditation. Then, in the course of a quiet weekend in the middle of August, the scholars melt off the mountain. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday pass so quietly that when the wind is still you can hear the rushing of the brook more than a mile away—across the lower meadow and down the bottom crease of the virgin forest that begins where the hay stubble ends.

The chances are that it will not be heard again for a while, unless you listen in the dead of night or get up with the morning mists and crow calls; for by Wednesday morning the cars and busses begin to arrive, and by Wednesday night close to 200 conference members; about forty staff members, staff wives, and conference guests; and about twenty maintenance and management people are in residence, all but the last group of them *talking*.

Talk is the Bread Loaf product. In the course of the two weeks of the conference, over fifty lectures will be offered, so arranged that no two take place at the same time. It is possible, therefore, for any conference member who has the devotion of an ascetic and the constitution of a water buffalo to make them all. No one is advised to take that marathon route, but a surprising number of conference members do, and there is always a faithful knot that not only takes in every lecture but takes it down *verbatim* in shorthand or speedwriting (no recorders allowed).

And even at that, the lectures are not the sum of the talk, but more nearly the seed of it. The talk goes on in clusters after each lecture, across the tables in the dining room, over coffee in the lounge, around the pool (untiled, thank you), and far into the night around the fireplaces at Bread Loaf or at the Snow Bowl (a few miles up-mountain at Middelbury Gap), or in one of the removed play-cottages where chatter will not disturb the sleepers, or out on the law chairs on warm nights. It is excit talk. It is in a sense cruise talk, for Bread Loaf in the isolation of its mountain is much like a cruise. I think the key to it lies in this fact, for not only is the Bread Loaf Conference a closed community—everyone in it is united by an interest in writing—all the talk centers on writing. And all of it is intensified and excited by the fact that there is more to be absorbed than it is possible to absorb. Bread Loaf infallibly operates in a high aura of excitement. It is somehow like being in a high surf: all you can do is ride it at the time in order to relive and rethink it later.

Having taught both at Bread Loaf and at a number of good colleges, and having always left Bread Loaf with the sense that its teaching and learning experience is unmatchable, I have to conclude that what is missing from teaching anywhere during the rest of the year is the aura of excitement that surrounds the mountain during the conference. This inescapable, near-frenzied, and sometimes zany talk is the fermentation process, the process of transforming vegetable idea into the wine of perception. Call that a gaudily phrased idea, if you like. It does sou gaudy off the mountain. But ask someone who has been there; however he chooses to phrase it, he will be saying that the mountain breeds a kind of excitement all but unknown in what con-

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if you ask...

who am I? do I create my own destiny? why am I here? where am I after death? what is meditation? is prayer helpful?

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ference members soon learn to call "the world" or "the real world."

Who are these garrulous conference members? It all begins, of course, with the staff, which consists annually of from fifteen to twenty writers, agents, publishers, and editors. These give the formal talks and undertake the actual criticism of manuscripts. The fireside and lawn-chair chatter is much assisted by a group of from twelve to twenty young writers who come on fellowships and scholarships. Practically all of them have published a first book or signed a contract for one. They are young professionals on their way.

The remaining 180 or so are scattered all over the range. They are professionals, near-professionals, would-be professionals, and hopeless amateurs—add that a few generally turn out to be slickly successful but hopelessly bad professionals. Only a few, however. Bread Loaf is not a how-to-do-it success school. I sometimes think it is more nearly a confessional, in which people who have spent their lives at the writing process itemize their failures while clinging to their hopes. In any case, Bread Loaf deals not wth slick success but with mind on paper; with the difficult joy-and-despair of trying to bring experience to felt and said terms. A number of excellent literary reputations have had something like their beginnings at Bread Loaf, but the conference makes no claim to set any man on the road to fame. It simply gathers the best literary staff it can, works it hard, and asks for an honest effort at saying what the literary experience has been to each speaker.

I suspect that is why so many school teachers come to Bread Loaf. I have seen them there year after year conscientiously filling note books from which I suspect they will be teaching for the rest of the year. What most of them get from the conference is their first experience of hearing writing talked about from inside the writing process. Most of them have studied writing in school as a sort of mystery to be entered only by a sainthood of geniuses. Perhaps the supreme writing is exactly that. But the supreme writers have always first learned their craft. However that may be in absolute terms—if any one can find them—Bread Loaf's talk of the craft of writing reaches the teachers as something like a revelation. They come away buzzing with excitement.

I have never seen the Bread Loaf process fail to generate that buzz. I do not see how it can fail. But let me add that you are under no commitment to take my word for it, whereas I am under the commitment to admit my partisanship: I have been in love with the conference since 1940, and I am presently its director. Better yet, I am presently at Bread Loaf. —JOHN CIARDI.

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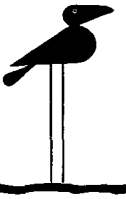

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Art in the United States in 1962

By Katharine Kuh

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Saturday Review
AUGUST 25, 1962

DO IT THROUGH THE U.N.

In two previous issues of Saturday Review this year, Arthur Larson, director of the World Rule of Law Center at Duke University, examined the difficulties being undergone by the United Nations. In Mr. Larson's first article (SR, February 24), he made particular reference to the U.N.'s financial emergency. In his second (SR, April 28), he suggested why the various problems being faced by the U.N. might very well strengthen rather than weaken the organization. In the present article, he examines the possibility that the United States may be veering away from a policy of handling important international matters through the U.N. and points up the dangers in such a change of course.

By ARTHUR LARSON

THE TRADITIONAL policy of the United States in handling international problems can be summed up in a single sentence: "If possible, do it through the U.N." Statements of this policy can be found in speeches by Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy. These statements have been backed up in practice, not only in respect to particular threats to the peace, as in Greece, Indonesia, Lebanon, Korea, the Suez, and the Congo, but also in respect to broad programs such as the control of atomic energy, disarmament, and the United Nations Development Decade. However, there are disquieting signs that both policy and practice may be in danger.

As to policy, highly publicized speeches by several Senators, while professing support for the United Nations, imply that it should not be relied on for the handling of really important matters, but used only selectively where it can be clearly made the vehicle of American national interests. As to actions, the U.N. has been ignored on such recent items as the Southeast Asia crisis and the decision to explode a nuclear device in the Van Allen belt in outer space.

On September 25, 1961, President Kennedy in his speech to the U.N. explicitly called the situation in Southeast Asia a threat to the peace, but the formal procedure under the U.N. Charter for bringing such a threat before the Security Council has never been invoked. The "smouldering coals of war in Southeast Asia" which he then described continue to threaten the peace eleven months later. South Vietnam is most immediately involved, but, as President Kennedy pointed out, the danger extends also to Burma, Cambodia, and India, and indeed to all of Southeast Asia and beyond. The peace-keeping machinery of the Geneva Treaty of 1954, set up at the close of the French-Indochina conflict, has broken down; and, except for the Laotian coalition, the parties concerned in the present conflicts have not been able to compose their differences. In fact, American troops have been dispatched to the area, and in some instances have already been involved in fighting in South Vietnam. A number of Americans have been killed, both in action and in accidents.

It is true that the U.N. Charter does not oblige nations to bring their disputes to the Security Council at the very beginning. Indeed, Article 33 states:

> The parties to any dispute, the continuance of which is likely to endanger the maintenance of international peace and security, shall, first of all, seek a solution by negotiation, enquiry, mediation, conciliation, arbitration, judicial settlement, resort to regional agencies or arrangements, or other peaceful means of their own choice.

Thus the intricate and delicate negotiations leading to the agreement on a coalition government in Laos are an example of the use of negotiation where Security Council action might well have been premature and awkward, particularly because the negotiations involved such non-U.N. members as Communist China and North Vietnam. However, the charter continues in Article 37:

> Should the parties to a dispute of the nature referred to in Article 33 fail to settle it by the means indicated in that Article, they shall refer it to the Security Council.

When matters have reached the point where American troops are sent to South Vietnam and Thailand, and Americans are being killed and wounded on "technical," "training," or "support" assignments, it seems clear that the parties have failed to settle a dispute which is "likely to endanger the maintenance of international peace" through use of "peaceful means of their own choice." It is then time to bring the problem under the aegis of the U.N.

The decision to conduct a nuclear test in the Van Allen radiation belt represents a different kind of problem, but it raises a similar question of international responsibility under the charter. Pursuant to President Kennedy's U.N. speech, the General Assembly on December 20, 1961, passed unanimously a resolution stating that

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the charter and its principles extend to outer space, that all mankind has a common interest in furthering the peaceful uses of outer space, and that outer space is free for exploration and use by all states.

This equal right of all states to use outer space implies that no single nation should unilaterally carry on activities in space that would interfere with its use by other states. An explosion in the Van Allen belt does cause such interference in various ways, including an increase in radiation which prevents manned orbital flight for a time through the particular area and interference with radio communications and radio astronomy.

What, then, do the principles and spirit of the U.N. Charter and resolutions require of the United States when such a shot is contemplated?

First, at the very minimum, is consultation. The impact on the potential use of space by others gives rise to a reasonable expectation that other states should be consulted as to possible damage to their interests. The U.N. has recently created a Committee on Peaceful Uses of Outer Space. There is thus available an official U.N. forum within which the United States could have invited such consultation.

This consultation would have helped forestall the world-wide uproar of protest, reflected in the statement of Acting Secretary-General U Thant on June 5, 1962, that the projected tests "are a manifestation of a very dangerous psychosis."

Besides consultation within the official framework of the U.N., there could have been consultation with the international scientific community by means of the nongovernmental forum of COSPAR (Committee on Space Research), an essentially private group accredited to the U.N.

The only reason given for omitting both official and unofficial consultation with people from other countries is that full consultation would have involved exposing secret information vital to national security. But the people from other countries who have asked for some opportunity to be heard are not expecting the impossible. What they do expect is only that, within the limits permitted by military security, the United States afford them their "day in court" before plunging ahead with a course of action affecting their interests.

Of course, prior to the announcement of the Van Allen belt shot, there had been several nuclear tests conducted by the Soviet Union and the United States at such altitudes that they could be spoken of as shots in "space." But the effect of the earlier shots on the physical environment was

a "question of international responsibility. . . ."

—*WideWorld.*

Above—the curtain of radiation thrown around the earth by a high-altitude atomic explosion. Below—a member of the U.S. Special Forces Advisory Group trains a Vietnamese in ambush techniques.

—*Wide World.*

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minimal, and the Van Allen belt shot for the first time aroused world-wide discussion of the question of whether any nation has a right unilaterally to undertake a substantial change in natural conditions in space. Whether or not the present issue should have been more thoroughly debated at the time of the earlier shots, the practical fact is that the state of public knowledge at that time was not such as to bring about or even permit such debate.

In addition to calling for consultation, the spirit if not the letter of the U. N. Charter and the General Assembly's resolutions should require the United States to give far more thought to the long-range impact of this decision on the world's peace and security.

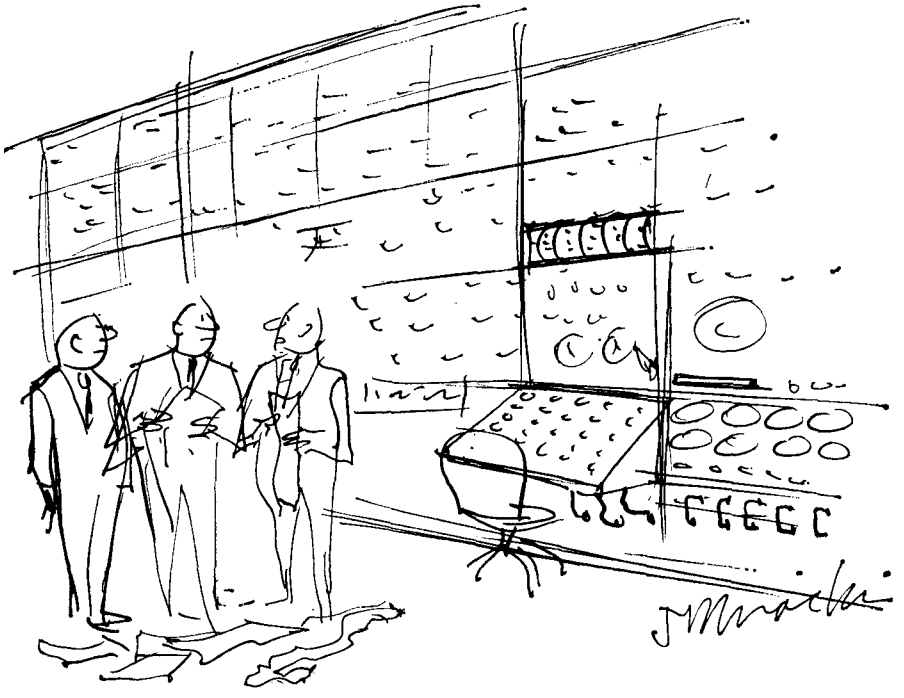
The reference in the General Assembly Resolution of December 20, 1961, to "furthering the peaceful uses of outer space" does not in a legal sense prohibit nuclear testing in outer space, according to the view adopted by the United States and apparently quite generally accepted. However, we have here to do with much more than a minimal avoidance of outright illegality. The vast majority of people both in the United States and in other countries find it difficult to reconcile repeated Presidential calls for peaceful uses of space with the detonation of a megaton bomb in outer space, particularly since the United States has never made the slightest effort, in its official release or elsewhere, to explain away this apparent inconsistency.

By coincidence, the contrast between space testing and genuinely peaceful uses of space was highlighted just a few days after the space explosion, when the first communications satellite carried television programs and telephone calls across the Atlantic.

The third question, in addition to those of consultation and "peaceful uses," is that of damage to or appropriation of outer space. Acting Secretary-General U Thant gave this as an additional reason for his condemnation of the American decision. He said: "It is common knowledge that space is no country's territory. It is the common property of all countries."

There is a good legal ground for this statement, particularly in view of the General Assembly resolution extending the charter to outer space and declaring it free for exploration and use by all states. It may be true that the effect of this one explosion on physical conditions in space was temporary and, by cosmic standards, relatively "small." But this by no means disposes of the problem. We are now establishing standards and directions that will determine the nature of activities in space for decades to come. The effect of the Van Allen belt shot is a precedent for the proposition that any nation may now unilaterally, without consultation or explanation, conduct nuclear and other experiments in space interfering with the communications, space travel, radio astronomy, and other interests of other states.

Acting Secretary U Thant said in Oslo after the shot, "The Soviet Union is almost sure to follow suit," and indeed it has already started a new test series. If past history is any guide the Soviet tests will be of larger size, greater height, and more lasting effect. Will the United States now feel it necessary to outdo the Russians, and so on and on until the damage to the physical environment can no longer be called temporary and insignificant even by the most ardent apologist?



"Sometimes, it seems to me the old Romans did just as well studying the entrails of a sacrificial goat."

IF SUCH actions as the handling of the Southeast Asia threat and the exploding of a nuclear device in the Van Allen belt should indeed presage a policy shift, it comes at a strange time; for the policy of "do it through the U.N." is more important to the United States than ever before. One of the principal reasons for the policy, to avoid direct cold war confrontation in such places as the Congo, has taken on greater significance since the Soviet Union and the United States have become equipped with both hydrogen bombs and ICBMs. Another reason for the policy has been to avoid the inevitable resentment aimed at a great power exercising world leadership. As the colonial empires speedily give way to independent new nations, any action taken by the United States unilaterally, which could be taken within the U.N. framework, is apt to tag the United States as successor to the imperialists.

The policy deserves strengthening also because the resources of the United Nations are greater than ever before as demonstrated not only by the achievements of the U.N. in its peacekeeping role in the Congo, but also by the wide array of economic, educational, health, and administrative services it has brought into play to create the kind of international stability necessary to ensure that the peacekeeping achievement survives. It is incredible that, right on the heels of the Congo achievement, there should appear the defeatist theme that the U.N. is all right if you do not expect it to do anything difficult. The Congo problem was not only difficult—it was appallingly difficult.

Finally, the need to "do it through the U.N." is greater than ever because old-fashioned direct diplomacy is itself becoming increasingly ineffective if not obsolescent. Diplomacy is the handmaiden of military power. As Churchill said, "We arm to parley." If diplomatic bargaining power depends upon military power, it follows that when you have military deadlock you also have diplomatic deadlock. There is, therefore, no cause for surprise when we see diplomatic negotiations over Berlin going on endlessly, with little prospect of change in the future. The only cause for surprise is that, at the very moment the numbing effect of military deadlock on diplomacy has become

(*Continued on page 47*)

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A Poor Time to Be Rich

By GRANVILLE HICKS

NICCOLO TUCCI, whom I first encountered fifteen or sixteen years ago in Dwight Macdonald's *Politics*, and who has contributed short stories to *The New Yorker*, as well as aphorisms, recently, to *Saturday Review*, has published his first novel, **"Before My Time"** (Simon & Schuster, $7.50). It might be described as a baroque novel of life in Europe before the First World War. It begins with a narrator, never named; but the events it describes take place before the narrator's birth, and the central figure is his grandmother, whom he never knew in the flesh, although, as he lets us know, her presence was strongly felt in his infancy and youth.

The grandmother, also not named except indirectly at the end, was a Russian of great wealth. Born into a rich family, she left the husband of her father's choice to marry a poor young man, who in time became much richer than her father and who died after they had had six children. She traveled constantly all over Europe, and "among her glories was . . . her habit of traveling with her cook, her butler, her administrator, the packers and movers, the maids, and some of her furniture, namely her bed, her *chaise percée*, her cushions and the large portraits of her father, her mother and her husband, in heavy gilded frames." As the narrator puts it, "She had spent something like five million rubles in the short space of fifteen years, without drawing any enjoyment from it."

About 1890 the old lady was visiting Italy with her sixteen-year-old daughter, Mary, when the latter met an impoverished young Italian who hoped to become a doctor. They fell in love, but he renounced her because she was rich and he was poor and because he had obligations to his family. Several years later, after both had made unhappy marriages, they met again. They married, but, because of some question regarding the legality of one divorce or the other, they could not live in Italy, and so settled down with the old lady in Switzerland. Their Swiss establishment is the scene of most of what happens in the novel.

Mary's husband, the doctor, is an earnest, perhaps simple-minded young man, full of piety in spite of his avowal of atheism. He finds his mother-in-law's extravagant way of life completely confusing, and at one point he tells his wife, "It is high time for us to become poor, or I shall lose my mind." His intentions are always of the best, but he accomplishes little.

The old lady is self-centered, self-indulgent, whimsical, illogical, and unhappy. She specializes in melodrama, and since the other characters, including the servants, have a large capacity for letting themselves go, each day is full of emotional scenes. Tucci does these scenes extremely well, with a great relish for the tears, the hysterics, the recriminations, the spasms of jealousy.

In time, however, these scenes, necessarily repetitious, become tiresome, and the reader is relieved when Tucci introduces a new theme, the misbehavior of Mary's younger sister, Ludmilla. She is involved with three men, to say nothing of the fact that she is in love with the doctor. There is an extraordinary letter from Ludmilla's supposed fiancé, a painfully serious German archeologist; and her adventures also introduce an exotic character, the unabashedly immoral and, by comparison with most of the other characters, quite sensible Marie d'Escarande, known in the family as "the famous whore."

We approach what is obviously to be the climax of the novel, the death of the old lady. "How many times," the narrator observes, "she had wished she could die and return after a day or so, when everybody she had left had learned a lesson and become more attentive, more affectionate, more grateful!" This, however, is not a fanciful death; it is the real thing, and not a pretty business. The poor woman suffers agonies when Mary leaves her alone for two hours. She has terrible nightmares that force her to recognize the emptiness of her life. And at last she gives up the ghost.

The children gather, a sorry lot.

Marie d'Escarande has written to the old lady: "It is strange that a person like you should beget either victims or victimizers, but no normal, civilized, undangerous people." Perhaps it is not strange, but at any rate it is true. Pierre, the oldest child, is as self-centered as his mother and rather more wantonly cruel; and there is a predatory streak even in Mary. Each of the six suspects one or more of the others of insanity, and when the will is read some of them behave in a way that can only be described as mad.

The old lady's evil influence persists even after she has been safely buried. There is a poignant moment when it appears that Mary has escaped, that she can now live a sane life with her husband and children, but the moment does not last. Soon she is ordering flowers from San Remo just as her mother did—though the flowers made her sneeze and had to be taken out of the room—and the poor, despairing doctor realizes that the old lady lives on. We know, from the narrator's introductory remarks about his childhood, that her posthumous life was a long one.

TUCCI has given us a perceptive study of a selfish woman who had rarely known love in any of its varied manifestations. Although at first one may be tempted to regard the old lady as a picturesque eccentric, Tucci does not long encourage such sentimentality. This is a picture of an evil and unhappy person, a person with a genius for making others as unhappy as she is, and Tucci mercilessly exposes all the horrors of her character.

The novel is too long, but up to a point this fault can be forgiven because Tucci handles his materials with so much energy. Take, for instance, Gunther Korn's letter about Ludmilla, which runs on for more than twenty pages and has little to do with the story, but which is so amusing and so revealing that one reads it with pleasure. Or take the old lady's suffering when Mary—engaged in reading this same letter to her husband—leaves her alone for two hours. Tucci describes this ordeal almost minute by minute, and he makes it immensely dramatic. He has a fine gift for rendering emotions, and since most of his characters are emotional to the point of hysteria, the novel fairly vibrates. He sees the book, I gather, as the introduction to a long, more or less autobiographical chronicle of family life, and it is already clear that he has colorful material to handle. With his skill in bringing characters to life and his gift for writing effective scenes, he ought to be able to make of his chronicle a unique and memorable work.

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America's Most Complete Human Document

One-third Humor, One-third Humanity, One-third Heart

"Will Rogers: A Biography," by Donald Day *(McKay. 362 pp. $5.95), shows why the quizzical Cowboy Philosopher was so dear to his countrymen. Cleveland Amory, First of the Month columnist for SR, wrote "Who Killed Society?"*

By CLEVELAND AMORY

IN 1900 a group of young cowboys were performing in a touring troupe in San Antonio, Texas. After their show they were given a banquet, and one cowboy, who was particularly adept at rope tricks, was prevailed upon to give a speech.

"Well," he began, "this is mighty fine grub, *what there is of it.*"

There was a roar of laughter.

"Well, there is plenty of it," he started again, *"such as it is."*

The fact that the young cowboy got no further is unimportant. He didn't have to. Will Rogers's first after-dinner speech had been a success, and from that day on, for thirty-five years, he kept America laughing as no humorist before or since has done. His legacy was the ad lib—but he was also the father of the modern "one liner." When a man bet him he couldn't make President Coolidge laugh, he had the President roaring before their introduction was even over. "Pardon me," Rogers said, "I didn't catch the name."

Now, a quarter of a century after Rogers crashed to his death (with his friend Wiley Post in Point Barrow, Alaska) Donald Day has come up with the first full-scale portrait of the man—one that bids fair to be the biography of the year. In his introduction, Day quotes Carl Sandburg, who couples Rogers with Lincoln. "They were rare figures," Sandburg says, "whom we could love with ease and without embarrassment." And Damon Runyon summed him up. "Will Rogers," he said, "was America's most complete human document."

And what a document he was—one-third humor, one-third humanity, and one-third heart. Above all, he was always the champion of the underdog. Born in Indian Territory, in Oolagh, near Claremont, Oklahoma, he was descended from possibly the most miserably treated of all Indians—the aristocratic, intelligent Cherokees. "My ancestors met yours when they landed," Rogers once told a *Mayflower* group. "In fact, they would have showed better judgment if they had not let yours land."

He was ten when his mother died. "My folks have told me what little humor I have comes from her," he wrote. "I can't remember her humor but I can remember her love and understanding of me." His schooling was on the spare side—at one time he was in a girls' seminary, where, we are told, he liked to get the girls "giggling"—and when his father married a woman who had been hired in to help when his mother was sick, he left home, later traveling to London, Argentina, South Africa, and Australia. Meanwhile, however, he was courting,

A Rogers Thesaurus

"I never met a man I didn't like."

"In the early days of the Indian Territory, there were no such things as birth certificates. You being there was certificate enough."

"I had just enough white in me to make my honesty questionable."

"Once you are a showman you are plum ruined for manual labor again."

"Of course our Follies girls don't seem to have much on . . . but they're all wrapped up in themselves."

"Being a hero is about the shortest-lived profession on earth."

"I don't makes jokes—I just watch the government and report the facts."

"The United States never lost a war or won a conference."

"The more you read about Politics, you got to admit that each Party is worse than the other."

(Of Pancho Villa) "They got him in the morning Editions, but the Afternoon ones let him get away."

(Of World War I) "In Germany they have cultivated everything they've got but humor."

(Of his first book, "The Cowboy Philosopher on the Peace Conference") "I made this book short so you could finish it before the next war."

(Of his second book, "The Cowboy Philosopher on Prohibition") "You won't find the country any drier than this book . . . but lots of people laugh one way and vote another. Look at Congress. It voted dry and drinks wet."

(Of the Fourteen Points) "There is to be no more wars . . . then there is a paragraph a little further down told you where to get your ammunition in case there is one."

(Of the Peace Conference) "Japan's claims are sorter novel . . . they want pay for capturing part of China, one of our allies."

(Of the Income Tax) "It has made more liars out of the American people than Golf."

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mostly by letter, a girl named Betty Blake of Rogers, Arkansas.

It was this extraordinary woman who, when Will was working for Ziegfeld in New York, first had the idea that her husband, during his roping act, should talk about what he read in the papers. But what Will talked about was always his own idea:

> Personally, I don't like the jokes that get the biggest laughs, as they are generally as broad as a house and require no thought at all. I like one where, if you are with a friend, and hear it, it makes you think and you nudge your friend and say, "He's right about that."

"Every time Will was himself," says Day, "he succeeded beyond his wildest dreams; when he tried to get out of character, he failed." Even in Hollywood this held true, and when he wasn't basically playing himself, his pictures were average. Playing himself, he was close to perfection—even though he not only disdained learning lines but even reading scripts. "There ain't no fun making a picture," he remarked, "if you know how it comes out."

Of his nightclub act, Will himself said, "You can always joke about a big Man that is really big, but don't ever kid about the little fella, who thinks he is something, 'cause he will get sore." Once he was attacked by Jimmy Walker. "There ain't nobody but me and Jimmy," Rogers said, "should be slower to get mad at each other. We both make our living by kidding the public." On another occasion, when the New York *Times*, which carried his column, disclaimed some of his opinions, he retaliated:

> I am in no way responsible for the editorial or political policy of this paper. I allow them free rein as to their opinions as long as it is within the bounds of good subscription gathering . . . Their editorials are not always to be taken seriously and never to be construed as my policy.

Even as a child he had loathed hunting, and as an adult he refused to attend bullfights. But he spoke out for Billy Mitchell, for Gandhi, for Mexico, for Nicaragua, and even for Panamá. In fact, when Senator Brookhart made a speech about Panamá "wallowing in sin," Rogers flew there immediately. "I thought if you was wallowing in sin," he told the Panamanians, "why, I'd ask you to move over and I'd wallow with you."

Donald Day, a liberal himself, has made Rogers seem perhaps more liberal than another biographer might have done. But there is no question that Rogers spoke out over and over again against the "Oil Interests," the holding companies, and the general trend of the rich getting richer and the poor poorer. On the international scene he was almost incredibly prophetic, especially about the potential of Russia.

All in all, if one could wish for an even longer portrait—Will Rogers is one of the very few people you just can't get enough of—one finishes this book with a kind of gasp of sorrow that it is over—almost the same kind of gasp that Betty Blake Rogers uttered when she was brought the news of the fatal accident that black day in August twenty-seven years ago. "It can't be," she said. "I love him too much."

(Of the Inheritance Tax) "Now you won't catch these rich old boys dying so promiscuously like they did. This bill makes patriots out of everybody."

(Of banks and movies) "The President of the bank wants to write the story for you. The Directors want to know who the Leading Lady is and, if they could, they would keep her as collateral."

(Of President Coolidge) "He is the first President to discover that what the American people want is to be left alone."

(Of the President worrying) "No New Englander ever died of Worry at 75 thousand a year."

(Of the Scopes trial) "Coolidge is a better example of evolution than either Bryan or Darrow, for he knows when not to talk, which is the biggest asset the monkey possesses over the human."

(Of Al Smith) "Some have suggested that he would be elected if he changed his religion and turned Protestant. I think it would do more good if he would keep his religion and turn Republican.

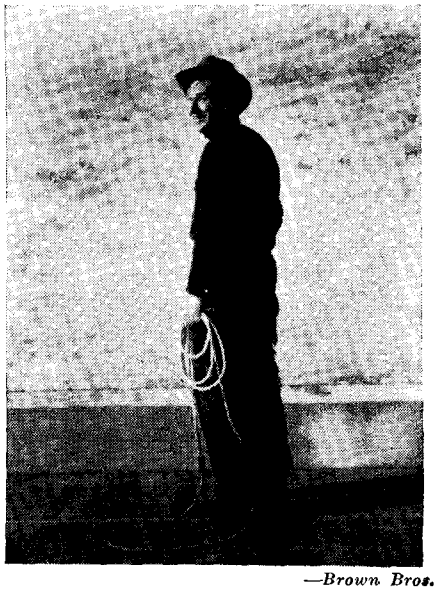
(On being made Mayor of Beverly Hills) "I have never seen a Mayor that wasn't funny and the minute he puts on a Silk Hat, he becomes Screamingly Funny . . . What the country needs is more ex-Mayors."

(Of missionaries) "Any nation is heathen that ain't strong enough to punch you in the Jaw. . . . Missionaries teach 'em not only how to serve the Lord but run a Ford car . . . then the American Agent sells 'em one. . . . You take religion backed up by Commerce and it's awful hard for a heathen to overcome."

(Of the Mississippi flood) "One rowboat would do more for you in a flood than all the Senators in Washington talking about you. . . . I got more faith in high ground than in any Senator I ever saw."

(Of Nicaragua) "We are still having some trouble down there, but I think we will gradually get it all buried."

(Of the Stock Market Crash) "Sure must be a great consolation to the poor people who lost their stock to know that it is fallen in the hands of Mr. Rockefeller, who will take care of it and see that it has a good home and never be allowed to wander around unprotected again. . . . Just as Mr. Brisbane and I have been constantly telling you, Don't Gamble; take all your savings and buy some good stock, and hold it till it goes up, then sell it. *If it don't go up, don't buy it.*"



—*Brown Bros.*

Will Rogers—"incredibly prophetic."

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A Man of the Land

"Mr. Sam," by C. Dwight Dorough *(Random House. 597 pp. $8.50), the official biography of long-time Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, indicates that his political durability was due to his moderation. Jack Bell, of the Associated Press, has covered Congress since 1937. He wrote "Mr. Conservative: Barry Goldwater."*

By JACK BELL

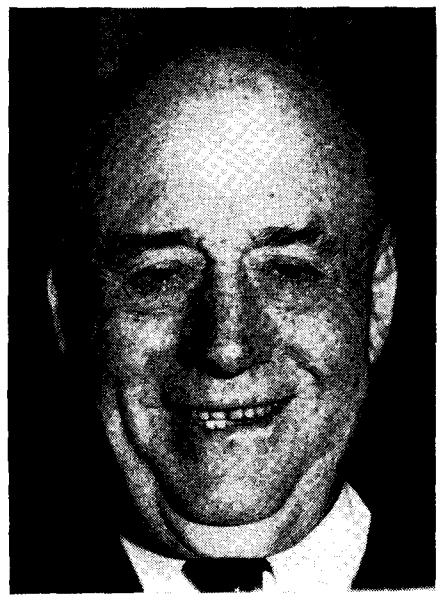
IN NEARLY a half-century of public service, Sam Rayburn left an indelible imprint on the pattern of American politics. For all who pause to scan it, the message reads: Extremism flares and fizzles; moderation endures.

The saga of Samuel Taliaferro Rayburn is that of a poor Texas country boy who plodded dutifully and circumspectly up the ladder of national recognition to become a living legend of integrity and patriotism in an age that progressively tended to downgrade these homely virtues. Rayburn, who died November 16, 1961, after having served as Speaker of the House of Representatives for twice as long as any other man, was an old-fangled fellow. He was interested in individuals, but he never lost sight of the needs of the masses. He was a proud, often lonely, serious-minded man who had none of the natural advantages of the glib politician.

What Sam accomplished nearly always came the hard way. In his climb to a position of power second only to that of the President, he worked, he learned, he kept his mouth shut. If he was impatient and grumpy, as he often was in his later years, there remained with him always the dry wit with which he delighted those friends he admitted to his own inner circle.

Here was a man of the land. He loved to roll in his hand the topsoil of his expanding acres near Bonham, Texas. As one who had come, as he himself put it, "within a gnat's heel of remaining a tenant farmer," Rayburn found his greatest peace on his farm.

The story of what Sam Rayburn was and what he did filters through a forest of clichés in this new book by a hero-worshiping fellow-Texan, C. Dwight Dorough. This is an "authorized" biography. The author candidly admits that if there is a tedious excess of



—*Wide World.*

Sam Rayburn—"an old-fangled fellow."

names of only locally distinguished Texans, bucolic remembrances, and details of who spoke and what food was served at local clambakes, it was because "Mr. Sam" wanted them put down in print.

In this day-by-day chronicle of Rayburn's life there is the admission that some things have to go untold. The reader learns little about Rayburn's 1927 venture into matrimony except that he married Metze Jones of Valley View, Texas, a sister of Sam's lifelong friend Judge Marvin Jones. We are told nothing of the courtship. We are informed merely that on October 15, 1927, the couple was married, went to Tennessee on a honeymoon, and then on to Washington. Two months and three weeks after they took their vows they "dissolved their marriage." Rayburn, we are told, "refused to discuss the incident, not out of anger, but real pain."

But, despite its drawbacks, the book gets across the message that what Sam Rayburn accomplished was due to moderation in all things, including politics. When he was first elected to Congress in 1912 by a margin of 490 votes, Rayburn would have been regarded as a progressive. He was for free trade, the graduated income tax, an inheritance tax, the popular election of U.S. Senators, the abolition of the electoral college, and labor's right to organize.

As many of these issues faded into the background, Sam veered more and more to the middle of the road in his later years. His excursion into the New Deal produced some legislation, such as the Holding Company Act, that might then have been tabbed radical but has long since won conservative acceptance. As Dorough says, while Rayburn was "in the New Deal, he was not of it."

The Speaker, who was associated with eight presidents, thought Woodrow Wilson had the best-trained mind of the lot. He admired and followed Franklin D. Roosevelt, but believed his biggest mistakes were trying to pack the Supreme Court and to purge the conservatives of his own party.

Dorough relates one sparkling incident of Rayburn's association with Roosevelt: As House majority leader, Sam was explaining some intricate legislative moves at a White House conference when FDR's attention wandered. Rayburn exploded; "Looky here, Mr. President. By God, I'm talking to you. You had better listen."

Rayburn's relationship with Harry S. Truman was that of friend and mentor. Truman said admiringly: "Sam is the only man who could stay in Washington for over forty years and still wear the same hat." But, despite their long friendship, Rayburn didn't wear Truman's collar on legislative proposals he regarded as radical.

Sam was succinct about Dwight D. Eisenhower. His view: "Good man, wrong job." The aging Speaker did what he could to clear John F. Kennedy's program through a balky House, but even he could not always strike off a miracle.

An unfortunate identification early in the book of Virginia's doughty Howard Smith, kingpin of the Rules Committee, as a Representative from North Carolina leaves the reader wondering about the author's familiarity with Rayburn's Washington operations.

Dorough, for example, details the none-too-ethical parliamentary maneuvers by which the Speaker won by a margin of one vote House approval for extension of the military draft shortly before the United States became involved in World War II. He mentions casually that Rayburn "prevailed" on four members who were against the bill to go along with him. It would be nice to know what political eye-teeth Sam traded off in this case. For he learned the game as the protégé of tough and politically acute John Nance Garner, who could have taught Mack the Knife a few tricks. This is not to say that Rayburn's was a hijacking operation.

Perhaps his best epitaph was in his own words: "There are no skeletons in my closet or ghosts under my bed. I have lived a life of political integrity."

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More Wisdom from the Orient

"The Kama Sutra of Vatsyayana: The Classic Hindu Treatise on Love and Social Conduct," translated by Sir Richard F. Burton *(Dutton. 252 pp. $4.95), written by an Indian religious student sometime between the third and fifth centuries A.D., itself draws on earlier Sanskrit sociologists like Svetaketu, Babhravya, and Dattaka. Robert J. Clements is director of comparative literature in New York University's Graduate School.*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

TO A REAL *aficionado* of erotic literature half the fun of collecting has always been outwitting the Post Office or customs control. You bought your copies of "Fanny Hill," "Chrysal," the "Perfumed Garden," and other choice titles *pour lire à deux* on the quais of the Seine and smuggled them in under the dust jacket of a cookbook. If your book searcher found an edition of Frank Harris in New York, he sent it to you in a plain wrapper aimed at confounding the postal inspectors. Now, however, the American publishers are out to remove the challenge and even the fun by bringing these classics right out into the windows of the bookstores. Spoilsports, they have put Henry Miller into every corner drugstore. We are informed that "Fanny Hill" and even Frank Harris are soon to become over-the-counter items.

To upset things further, the publishers are now declaring that these old chestnuts are literature and appending learned prefaces and footnotes to them, as though you had to be an egghead to be an eroticist. The "Kama Sutra" is a case in point. It has been kicking around England and the Continent for over a century, ever since Richard Burton, the same traveler who was later to English the "Thousand and One Nights," translated it in 1883 for the Kama Sastra Society of London and Benares. Pirated editions flourished, gaudily illustrated, and it mattered not —at least to the dilettanti and to the police—that Sanskritists disagreed over points of Burton's translation. Now Burton's "Kama Sutra"—with a Foreword by Santha Rama Rau— is available to us in a handsome edition, as available, alas, as "Ship of Fools" and laden with footnotes and commentaries by Indologists. The book, they say, is required reading for the West. The idea is that it is not enough to send India $160 million in foodstuffs in a decade. We've got to know India's culture, and such books as the "Kama Sutra" are the avenue to such understanding. Thoughtless censorship of this volume might thus provoke an international incident, a thought to which we shall return.

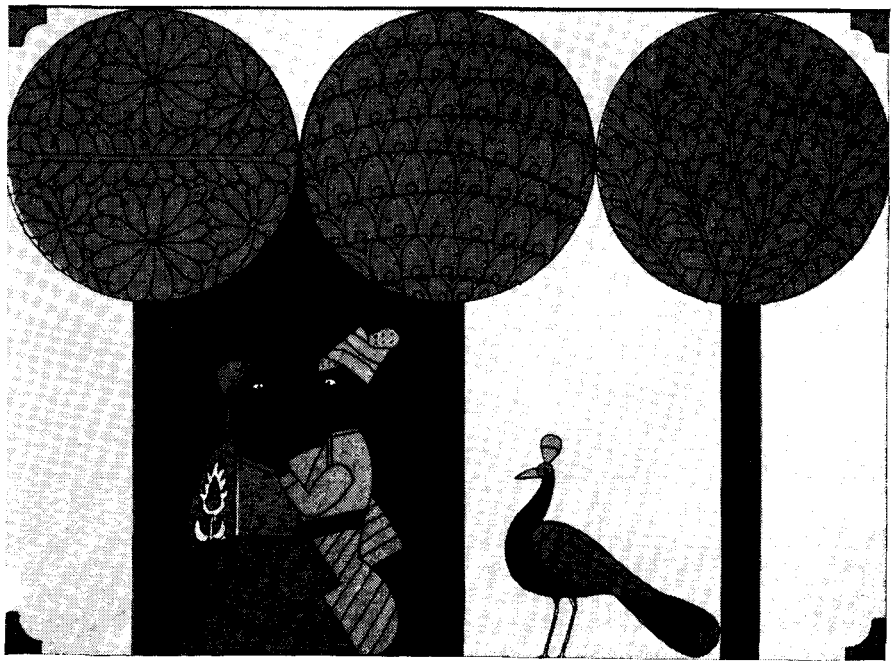
Understanding even the title requires a knowledge of Indic history. Kama, or Desire, is at the same time a god and the third principle of the ideal life. In the later Vedas, Kama became a flower-arrowed god of love akin to Eros and Amor. In fact, poetry in the "Atharva-Veda" recounting how the arrows of Kama pierce the heart sounds familiarly like Greek and Roman love lyrics. Kama, by the way, is the god who is burned with carnival revelry at each annual Holi festival in India—a ceremony remembered by those Westerners who saw Jean Renoir's film "The River."

Kama is similarly one of the three ways of life to which each man aspires. Dharma is obedience to the Holy Writ of the Hindus; Artha is the acquisition of material goods and creature comforts, including friendships. During a Socratic give-and-take Vatsyayana defines Kama as "the enjoyment of appropriate objects by the five senses, assisted by the mind together with the soul. . . . Kama is to be learned from the 'Kuma Sutra' (Aphorisms on Love) and the practice of citizens." The coupling of Dharma with Kama—that is, the intrusion of the senses upon holiness and spirituality—will not surprise art students who remember the baffling presence of phallic sculptures in many Hindu temples, especially Konarak and Khajuraho. It will not surprise anthropologists, who remember that an Arab may pray to Allah while making love to his wife.

Vatsyayana Mallanaga was not the first of the Sanskrit writers to compose a treatise on love. He compiled and abridged from earlier works by Svetaketu, Babhravya, Dattaka, and others. He intended his manual to be read by sophisticated types and by women whose emancipated status allowed them free consort with men: courtesans, princesses, daughters of high officers. Even a blushing young wife, with the consent of her husband, might peer into this chapbook.

The counsels and speculations in the "Kama Sutra" wander through the areas of psychology and physiology especially. The first division is quite innocuous. It emphasizes that love is an art and a science. Here are found the famous sixty-four arts that a woman must master to become the ideal companion-entertainer of men. Beyond expected arts like cosmetics, scents, and the domestic chores, a woman must

(*Continued on page* 23)



—From the book jacket.

To be shunned: girls with bald heads and crooked thighs.

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Cheers and Outer Space

THE TROUBLE with all the tumult and shouting over the space exploits, whether by the Soviet Union or the United States, is that these events are being celebrated for the wrong reason. The jubilant crowds that filled Red Square in Moscow last week didn't come together to acclaim one of the great achievements in human history. They were proclaiming *national* heroes, glorying in the assertion of a *national* ego, exulting in the high points being scored by their *nation* in a competition with another nation. The dominant response was a *national* victory yell and not splendid and silent awe over human intervention in the universal order. The prevailing sounds were indistinguishable from the roar that goes up when a goal is scored in the closing minutes of an international soccer game or when an extra-inning World Series baseball game is dramatically ended by a swat into the stands.

Thus the greatest achievement of human inventiveness has been tribalized. The triumph is claimed not by man but by the clan. Pride in the event comes not from belonging to a species that is capable of unlocking the most profound natural mysteries but from belonging to an aggregation. Response and reaction tend to be equal. On the same day that *Pravda* heralded the tandem orbital flights, a New York newspaper petulantly cried out in a headline: "Why Not Us?" The chagrin of the Americans was as misplaced and immature as the frenzied elation of the Russians. To the Russians, the only thing that counted was that socialism had scored successfully. The Americans were angry because we didn't do it first. In both cases, the real significance of the event was lost.

The historical verdict of the human excursions into outer space may well be that the circumstances of the exploits discolored their meaning. For later philosophers may find it difficult to understand why people could become more excited about the shape of other planets than they could about keeping their own planet from being lacerated and despoiled for human life. The abundance of energy and resources going into the Soviet space effort will be viewed alongside the severe shortage of food and housing in that nation. And the disparity in the United States between money spent for space projects and money spent for education and health will not be overlooked.

Is nothing worth our cheers? Certainly. Let the ingenious human mind invent a genuine peace, one that would give nobility and substance to the human estate. That would be worth cheering for. Let the Americans and the Russians put at least as much imagination and ingenuity into the control of force as they have into the magnification of force. That would be worth cheering for. Let the Americans and Russians put at least as many dollars and rubles into the betterment of life on earth as they are putting into the means for expunging it. That would be worth cheering for. Let the Americans and the Russians stop pumping radioactive poisons into the atmosphere on which life depends even before they seek out other heavenly bodies beyond the atmosphere. That would be worth cheering for.

This is not to say that the blame is equal. It is not equal. But the effects are equally grim. These effects apply not just to the peoples directly involved but to the entire human species. For the prime fact of our time is that the sovereign nations have gone berserk, pursuing those measures that are leading to a hideous decimation of life and the meaning of life. Any individual who would act or react in his own community the way the sovereign nations act and react in their dealings with one another would be promptly diagnosed as dangerously irresponsible and unbalanced. Yet absolutely sovereign states can ignore law and the rules of public safety; they can demonstrate all the symptoms of illogic, monomania, and destructiveness that would cause an individual to be institutionalized.

For all his inventiveness, man is still as primitive in designing a level of fair and workable intercourse between groups as he was in the age of the cave. The clan is still the ultimate value. The awareness of himself as a member of the human family confronted with the need to create a durable structure for sustaining life on this particular planet —this awareness has yet to become real. Any effort or enterprise, public or private, that ignores this need is wasting valuable time. —N.C.

The Light

By Hollis Summers

ONE face waits and the other watches.
The chariot approach; and the other waits
While the one face sees it depart;

And even Janus must turn to catch
the moving present chariot
Carrying his two-faced heart.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WILLIAM FAULKNER

YOUR WILLIAM FAULKNER issue [*SR*, July 28] is the most thorough and at the same time the most concise magazine portrait of a writer I have ever read. This coverage of his life and work is complete, revealing, highly readable, and imaginative in both text and layout.

So much has been written about Faulkner that it's hard to say something new and interesting, but you did—and you said it in tight, attractive pages. I especially enjoyed Hamilton Basso's personal insights into this genius and Lenore Marshall's wonderful piece about finding "The Sound and the Fury." You made a real find in getting her dramatic story.

This issue of *SR* has done a great service to American letters because it has undoubtedly stimulated many people to read some of the Faulkner they've always felt guilty about having missed. It certainly has had this effect on me. Your hors d'oeuvres from his novels sent me directly to the library for the main courses.

RALPH SCHOENSTEIN.

New York, N.Y.

AFTER READING your William Faulkner issue, I felt that something was missing. Then I remembered Arnold Bennett's article about Faulkner in his book column in a London newspaper (the *Evening Standard*, July, 1930). It was my first introduction to Faulkner and has proven Bennett's knowledge of writers and writing to be sound. He wrote:

"Last year I made some fuss in this column concerning the young American novelist William Faulkner who had been mentioned to me in conversation by Richard Hughes, author of 'High Wind in Jamaica.' No American, and even no American publisher, whom I asked about Faulkner had ever heard of him. I sent to New York for his books, but could get only one, 'The Sound and the Fury,' and that not without difficulty. Strange that Americans have frequently to be told by Englishmen of their new authors. . . .

"Unless Faulkner runs off the rails, as some young men do, but as he probably will not, 'Soldiers Pay,' will be an extremely valuable collectors' item in twenty years' time. Faulkner is the coming man. He has inexhaustible invention, powerful imagination, a wondrous gift of characterization, a finished skill in dialogue; and he writes, generally, like an angel. None of the arrived American stars can surpass him in style when he is at his best."

A brilliant prophesy.

NITA GREIF GUTMAN.

Baltimore, Md.

I HAVE READ with a great deal of interest and some fascination your special section on William Faulkner. Having read a good many of the recognized classics as well as a fair amount of modern literature during the past forty years, I nevertheless wonder why I am unable to understand so much of Faulkner's writing.

Not trusting my own limited judgment, I have consulted a number of intelligent readers, as well as a few teachers of English, with particular reference to your excerpt from "The Sound and the Fury." After accepting Mr. Faulkner's advice to read it a fourth time, no one seemed to know what to make of it. Is it possible that Mr. Faulkner actually wrote it to illustrate what Shakespeare meant by "Full of Sound and Fury, signifying nothing"?

BENJAMIN FLAX.

Schenectady, N.Y.

I GATHER that since Mr. Faulkner's death more people have already referred to him as "Bill" or "Billy" than ever dared to during his entire life.

RICHARD M. ALLEN.

Indianola, Miss.

"And then the wise servant girl put a coin into each machine, poured in the detergent, pushed the 'on' button and drowned the Forty Thieves."

CRITICAL CONTROVERSY

I DO NOT OBJECT to John J. Johnson's meat-cleaver criticism of my book "Cuba: The First Soviet Satellite in the Americas" [*SR*, June 30] since it is his privilege to determine which way he wants to attack my book, but I do strongly object to criticism which reveals that the reviewer has not read the subject of his alleged review.

Thus Johnson describes my book as "essentially a cold war tract," which gives the reader the impression that it is nothing but propaganda and utterly lacking in facts, when such is far from the case. Until Johnson, every single critic of the book, including opponents, have all agreed that it is one of the best-documented—most critics have simply said, "the best-documented"—book on Cuba to date. Anybody who has read ten pages of it will come to the same conclusion. Yet Johnson, who apparently has some axe to grind, either has not read the book or simply refuses to divulge to the reader the evidence before his eyes showing that the book is filled with factual data and is about as far from being a "tract" as any book can get.

Another Johnson criticism which shows that he has not read the book is this: "James would appear to credit Castro

(*Continued on page* 48)

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The Bard the Sun Shines On

SAN DIEGO.

THE TWO West Coast Shakespeare festivals are happy havens from the pressures that attend their eastern descendants. For one thing, they are not subjected to the reviews of Shakespeare-soused critics who can't help remembering that Olivier, Plummer, or Gielgud did a particular speech more effectively. Furthermore, these festivals offer the tourist Elizabethan sideshows and reconstructed Elizabethan stages, so that even before the play begins the audience has received its money's worth, and the drama onstage becomes a bonus that needs only to be executed smoothly to draw no complaints.

Surprisingly, the productions can thrive under such relaxed conditions. For instance, the intimate Old Globe Theatre at San Diego's Balboa Park last season outdid all the festivals. It also set an impossibly high standard for itself to maintain.

Accordingly this season's festival appears to have seeded the ground for the future by assembling a young company of potentially fine players, and by permitting one of its two directors, William Ball, to renew himself as an actor. If the result is somewhat disappointing, it is by no means unsatisfactory.

Indeed, the festival's "**Taming of the Shrew**," featuring a lusty Diana Frothingham and a poised Michael Forest, is selling out weeks in advance. This play features a number of fandangos invented by director Ball, including one spectacular stunt in which, as the famished Kate begins to eat, Petruchio pushes his servant hard in her direction. The servant bounces off her and continues parallel to the table, reaching the end of it just in time to catch the layer cake which his bump has sent flying out of her grasp.

Mr. Ball has also attempted something interesting with a "**Henry IV, Part II**" that he has much rearranged and augmented to put the focus more strongly on the relationship between Hal and Falstaff. Mr. Ball's notion is that Falstaff understands that he must push Hal into rejecting him, so that Hal may truly assume the responsibilities of his office. While the intention isn't fully realized, it does give Victor Buono a chance to show us a Falstaff who is a little closer to being as canny a figure as Shakespeare wrote him.

Allen Fletcher's "**Othello**" is a clear though not terribly moving production. Mr. Forest's highly rational Moor seems to kill Desdemona not by losing control of his passion but simply by mistake. Conversely, Mr. Ball's Iago plots not by cleverness but by passionate inspiration. The best performance in this production is Michael O'Sullivan's die-hard Brabantio. Mr. O'Sullivan possesses a remarkable ability to soar in one intense emotional direction, and his pure anger against his daughter is a beautiful aria that puts the case against her so strongly we almost believe she deserves her eventual fate.

Since the San Diego festival is professional, it cannot offer recent drama-school graduates a chance to play leading roles. This function is assumed by the Oregon Shakespearean Festival at Ashland, Oregon. Under the shrewd

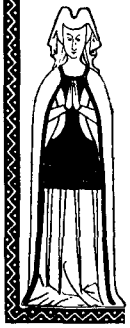
leadership of Angus Bowmer, it uses a modest scholarship arrangement to attract a talented company which is challenged to meet the disciplines of a festival that stresses good speech, flawless execution (it conducts line rehearsals daily), and above all recreation of an "Elizabethan" style of production. Then, too, because its outdoor theatre is wide and large, the actor must sacrifice subtlety to size.

These demands, plus the exhausting schedule of producing four plays ("**Coriolanus**," "**Henry IV, Part II**," "**As You Like It**," and "**The Comedy of Errors**") as well as a curtain dropper titled "**The Thieves Ballad**," usually frustrate all but the large or the insistently extroverted actor. As a result, the two most highly praised performances are the statuesque Elizabeth Huddle's Rosalind and Peter D. MacLean's Coriolanus.

Mr. MacLean is indeed powerful, although he exhibits little variety in this production. Rod Alexander's Menenius is charmingly overtalkative and would be even more effective if the director had allowed more action and reaction between him and the other characters. And James Tripp as one of Aufidius's servants demonstrates the creativity that may have been responsible for his Touchstone's receiving rave notices here. Mr. Alexander's staging of "The Comedy of Errors" is well-organized horseplay that meets constantly the requirement of filling every horizontal and vertical inch of the large Elizabethan stage.

—HENRY HEWES.

PAUL MURRAY KENDALL
THE YORKIST AGE



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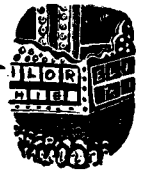

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Grimm Reality

THE STORY of Cinerama, that widest of all wide-screen systems, curiously parallels the development of the motion picture itself. When movies were born a few years before the turn of the century, film makers held audiences spellbound with brief glimpses of reality—trains pounding down the track right into the camera, waves breaking at the seashore, incessant parades, or crowds out for a stroll on the streets of New York, Paris, London, Berlin, and Moscow. And the public was enchanted. Those flickering black-and-white images looked so real! They actually moved! We are told that people ran for their lives as the engines headed in their direction, and that women feared for their skirts when waves broke on the screen.

But the illusion of reality, like the novelty of movement, faded very rapidly. Audiences soon recognized those primitive pictures for what they were —random views with little intrinsic interest apart from their demonstration of the capabilities of Mr. Edison's newest invention. Instinctively, the audiences wanted more. And, also instinctively, some of the movie makers began to give them more. They began to use the medium to tell stories. With the arrival of the narrative film, motion pictures were transformed from a process into an art.

Those of us who have been following the vicissitudes of Cinerama have long been waiting for a similar transformation. In each new travelogue, it seemed, the sense of being "in the picture" weakened just a bit more. Each variation on the famed roller-coaster ride was slightly less thrilling than the last, each airplane ride somewhat less spectacular. But Cinerama's executives, like the pioneer movie makers before them, resisted all change. As one of them explained, "If we make a story film, we stand or fall on our story. What we want to exploit is the *technique* of Cinerama."

Since that statement was made, new blood has come into the company—and with it, a new direction. Cinerama, in combination with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has just released its first story film, **"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm,"** and has another, "How the West Was Won," almost ready. My suspicion is, however, that, regardless of story, the look of Cinerama is going to be its main selling point for a long time to come.

Not that the process itself does not create innumerable problems for the narrative type of picture. Whereas a travel film can be stitched together virtually at random, the exigencies of telling a story pose special demands; and, to judge from "Wonderful World," normal screen techniques—or even normal wide-screen techniques — seem inadequate for Cinerama's three cameras and seven-channel stereo sound. One is constantly looking in the wrong direction, trying to locate a character who may have walked off the left panel on the left once more. Or a door that was plainly on the left in one shot suddenly slams shut to the right in another scene shot from a different angle. There is the distinct impression that the director, in lining up his scenes, was forced to choose angles that would minimize the rippling seams of Cinerama—bedposts, trees, columns, the gilded frame of a picture—rather than one that might be more dramatic or revealing. Indeed, apart from certain trick shots in which the camera swings over the yawning jaws of a dragon or is trapped upside down to a hurtling coach-and-four, most of the scenes have been photographed head on, with jump cuts to bring us in closer to the characters.

On the other hand, "Wonderful World" does demonstrate conclusively tthat the process of Cinerama can not only accommodate close-ups, but that the editing need not create the grave dislocations that were always so disturbing in the earlier films.

What "Wonderful World" also demonstrates fairly conclusively is that Cinerama, above all else, will be a comfortable medium. Its excitements will remain in the realm of roller coasters and picturesque views, not ideas. It will provide family entertainments, impressive to the very young, not too distressing to their elders. Unless perhaps those elders are the sort who can be distressed by slicked-up, sweetened-up adaptations of the Grimm tales, or by biography that has little more basis in fact than the revelation that Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm were brothers. (Some doubt is thrown on even this relationship by the curious pairing of a very British Laurence Harvey with an utterly Teutonic Karl Boehm, with a Babelish clash of accents all the way.) The large and distinguished cast is uniformly cheerful, the settings are handsome, the music pleasant and unmemorable. "Wonderful World" is a beginning, little more. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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MEREDITH WILLSON'S
"THE MUSIC MAN"
Produced and Directed by MORTON DaCOSTA
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SHIRLEY JONES
Co-starring
BUDDY HACKETT
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TV AND RADIO

Appointment in Suspense

THIS is the time of the year when the job of observing that curious planet "Broadcasting" generally offers the least satisfaction. The reruns spread over the television firmament like nebulae; the streaks that signal the approaching meteorites of the fall suggest a season quite like the past one; and the FCC is on vacation.

The drama is there nevertheless—but off-stage. Commissioner John S. Cross, one of the seven members of the FCC, remains in office temporarily, even though his appointment has expired; and there is considerable suspense over the man President Kennedy will name to succeed him. Three names have been rumored prominently, and all are liberal Democrats: Kenneth Cox, present chief of the FCC Broadcast Bureau; Penn T. Kimball of the Columbia University School of Journalism; and William F. Hyland, chairman of the New Jersey Public Utilities Commission. The presumption is that they would be "Minow men" who would support the FCC chairman's regulatory philosophy, which is aimed at improving the general tone of television and radio.

Mr. Cross is the first commissioner to have stayed on past the expiration of his appointment. The delay is significant, for there has been in recent months (perhaps it still goes on) considerable political jockeying in Washington over who will get the job. Another commissioner who would vote with Minow is a prospect the industry does not like; and the industry has strong connections with Congress and the White House.

In "TV in America, the Morality of Hard Cash" (a recent Ballantine paperback), Meyer Weinberg, the author, asserts that "a powerful lobby in Congress prevents the FCC from applying any controls more severe than the broadcasters themselves are willing to accept." Mr. Weinberg teaches United States economic history at Wright Junior College in Chicago. His book is a well-documented, familiar indictment of broadcasting's institutional shortcomings, from the notorious Quiz Show scandals to the stupefying mediocrity of programming."

His chapter on Chairman Minow is entitled, "Thunder Without Rain," and its contention is that Minow's regulatory claws have been clipped by an administration eager to appease business. The author says that station owners are high in Democratic party councils, that Senators and Representatives own stock in stations, that the late Sam Rayburn, when Speaker of the House, doomed the President's Plan No. 2 for the reorganization of the regulatory agencies.

However, a recent issue of *Broadcasting*, the industry weekly, presents a contradictory view of the FCC's current behavior. The magazine prints a box score of the commission's performance during the past year, and the compiler is impressed with the agency's "toughness." The FCC has revoked the licenses of four radio stations; scores of renewal and revocation hearings are under way; stations applying for renewal of their licenses are having their applications rigorously examined and questioned; and other tough rule-making proposals are in the talking stage. One week, the magazine's editorial page, which represents the views of station owners, is badly scared; the next, it is bravely whistling, "Minow too shall pass; Congress is on our side."

THE FACT is that the commission *has* gotten tough. It was beginning to harden shortly before the new chairman took office, and "the death penalty [for stations] has been invoked more times in the past year than in the preceding thirty years." But the toughness, though it has nuisance value, hasn't touched the main nerve centers of the industry: it has skirted such substantive issues as network regulation, station clearance of network public affairs programs, option-time arrangements, the magazine concept, and license fees.

To reach these key spots in the industry's pathology, the FCC chairman needs a majority of the commission which he has not had. This is why the wait for the President's appointment of the new commissioner is a suspenseful one. If the appointment goes, as rumored, to a Minow supporter, the chairman's hope for action on the more vital matters will be encouraged. If still another Minow man gets the appointment which will be made in 1963, when Commissioner T. A. M. Craven's term expires, the chairman may actually have a majority for some of his proposals for fundamental changes in the industry. Until then, action at the FCC picks off the extreme offenders on counts of obscenity, misrepresentation, and lack of candor, but moves, in general, on slow, complex, procedural fronts. That old, vast wasteland of program balance has yet to be touched.

Does a powerful broadcasting lobby run Congress which in turn runs the FCC, as has often been asserted in the past? The appointments will give us some clues. If the President really means to back his FCC chairman, he can hardly avoid giving him another vote this year and still another the next. In any case, the play of off-stage forces between this summer and that of 1963 when Commissioner Craven's term expires, may be enough to sustain us through the television season that lies in between.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

INSTANT INITIALS

Each of the words skeletonized below contains a familiar set of initials. Louise Darcy of Biddeford, Maine, who chose them, asks you to fill in the blanks and restore the complete words. *Answers on page 29.*

1. __ SOS __ __ __ __ __	mathematical term
2. __ __ __ DSO __ __	nice to look at
3. __ __ FHA __ __	without preparation
4. __ __ __ AMA __ __ __ __	reptile
5. __ __ __ __ CIO	Mediterranean island capital
6. __ __ __ SEC __ __ __ __ __	one after another
7. __ __ __ __ __ IOU __	fretful
8. __ __ __ DAR	Himalayan tree
9. __ __ __ SAC __	plunder
10. __ __ __ __ TWA __	Silas Marner was one
11. __ __ __ CIA __	decisive
12. __ __ __ ERP __	one of the muses

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Battle of the Sexes

Continued from page 17

become proficient in more felicities than a modern Geisha: reading, chanting, speaking dialects, archery, sorcery, acting, carpentry, and quarrying. She must be able to teach starlings to speak, play musical glasses filled with water, organize quail fights, and so on. All this was to provide the *nagaraka*, or man about town, with such a varied program of entertainment that he would stay in nights.

The following section, on sexual union, has the venerability of a Mosaic tablet to erotologists. In addition to instruction on embracing, kissing, biting, and marking with nails, there is the embarrassingly specific list of twenty-three more or less natural ways of making love, with a few unnatural ones thrown in. Many of these positions are illustrated, by the way, in Hindu temple sculpture. If the "Perfumed Garden" will later describe a total of forty such positions, one must remember that the Sheik Nefzawi could draw on an intervening millennium of experimentation.

The third section concerns the acquisition of a wife. There are certain girls to be shunned, understandably: those with bald heads, crooked thighs, or any disfiguration. However, Vatsyayana cautions against marrying a girl with a harsh-sounding name, with a younger sister, or one fully arrived at puberty! Techniques of forcing an unwilling girl are spelled out. Once married, the girl must outdo Caesar's wife in conduct and obey her husband "as if he were a divine being." All these counsels in sections III and IV about making a happy marriage refer to a society foreign to our own. The double standard is never questioned. The advice to virgin wives and virgin widows reminds us how frequently child marriages were contracted. There are suggestions for polygamous situations, varying for the several wives. Thus, "the older wife should associate with the one immediately next to her in rank and age, and should instigate the wife who has recently enjoyed her husband's favor to quarrel with the present favorite."

An important section of the "Kama Sutra" concerns a man's conquest of another's wife. After all, Indra, the chief god of the early Hindu pantheon, was a specialist at this, more actively even than Zeus. Certain wives will make easier targets than others, and Vatsyayana lists some forty-one types who will be more or less pushovers: wives of actors and jewelers, widows, wives of travelers, and women of higher caste than their spouses. To the proficient pupil of the "Kama Sutra" women will respond as surely as the cobra to the flutist.

Book VI discusses courtesans with sympathy and respect. In India, as in Athens, Alexandria, and Rome, hetairai attained a lofty social status. Indeed, they were sometimes ironically required to "behave like a chaste woman" more consistently than were wives themselves. The final section of the "Kama Sutra" deals with means of personal enhancement and of awakening desire in women. These pages, some wildly diverting, treat of physical titillation and the whetting of sexual appetite through food and drugs.

With this, the author concludes, piously and possibly with tongue in cheek: "The 'Kama Sutra' was composed according to the precepts of Holy Writ, for the benefit of the world, by Vatsyayana, while leading the life of a religious student and wholly engaged in the contemplation of the Deity." It is a neat rope trick, this maintaining the garment of piety while counseling the most sordid of ruses and most acrobatic consummations of love. Behind all of his outlandish classifications and lists, however, Vatsyayana sometimes shows the illuminations of the Stendhal of *"De l'amour"* and the insights of a Freud. If his sociology of the third to fifth century A.D. is alien today, involved as it was with castes, polygamy, child marriage, and a profligate theogony, his psychology is not.

It would be, as we suggested, an indiscretion on the part of our censors if they try to ban this book. After all, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru has written that the Sanskrit classics are more basic to understanding the Indian mind than Greek and Latin classics are to understanding the West. After the fiasco of Goa and the Soviet planes, we had best refrain from publicly branding the Hindu classics as immoral and unfit. Anyway, granted its mixture of shrewdness and ingenuousness, the "Kama Sutra" is essentially the work of what I like to call a professional innocent. As A. L. Basham of London's School of Oriental Studies claims: "It cannot be said that the text supports the code of sexual ethics which was standard in the Western world of the last century and which is still very influential. On the other hand, it cannot be said to support promiscuity or to encourage perversion, and it advocates kindliness and mutual respect in human relationships." There is little argument on this point. Compared to the jovial, leering realism of Ovid's primer on love, the tone of Vatsyayana's teaching is almost one of scientific detachment.

Erotic Lore of the East

THE PICK-UP: "The man should be careful to look at her in such a way as to cause the state of his mind to be known to her; he should pull about his mustache, make a sound with his nails, cause his ornaments to tinkle, bite his lower lip, and make various other signs of that description."

FOOTSIE: "A woman who meets a man in lonely places, and puts up with the touch of his foot, but pretends, because of the indecision of her mind, not to be aware of it, should be conquered by patience, and by continued efforts. . . ."

ON PERSONAL ENHANCEMENT: "If the bone of a peacock or of a hyena be covered with gold and tied to the right hand, it makes a man lovely in the eyes of other people."

LIQUOR IS QUICKER: "When the girl cannot make up her mind, or will not express her readiness to marry, the man should on the occasion of festivals get the daughter of the nurse to give the girl some intoxicating substance and then cause the girl to be brought to some secure place under the pretense of some business, and there having enjoyed her before she recovers from her intoxication, should bring fire from the house of a Brahman, and proceed as before."

CUTTING OUT COMPETITION: "If a man mixes the powder of the milk hedge plant and the kantaka plant with the excrement of a monkey and the powdered root of the lanjalika plant, and throws this mixture on a woman, she will not afterward love anyone else."

—From "The Kama Sutra."

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No More Ladies in the Dark

"American Women: The Changing Image," edited by Beverly Benner Cassara *(Beacon. 141 pp. $3.65), offers views on the status of today's distaff by Pearl Buck, Margaret Mead, Agnes de Mille, and others. Lillian Smith wrote "Killers of the Dream," "Man Born of Woman," and other books.*

By LILLIAN SMITH

WE MIGHT as well face it: we women don't know who we are. Not only are we bereft of a public image we like; we don't have a private image of ourselves either.

Perhaps we need not go back to that fatal day when Adam first sized up Eve, but we certainly cannot understand modern women's predicament without recalling that for the last thousand years Western men have busied themselves creating one image after another of woman. You'd think they had nothing else to do. There was the code of courtly love developed during the Middle Ages, when men turned against marriage. And that romantic image Dante sent rolling down the centuries. Then came the reactive Great Split, when women were divided into sacred madonnas and bitches—and behind this awesome Puritan upheaval (when woman's body was turned into Sin and her soul into an altar) loomed the curious Nordic image of woman as witch. A near-pathological terror of women pushed into the background the courtly love code and Beatrice and the madonnas, which had had their ameliorating effects; but all of it, good and bad, is still sliding round in men's minds.

Part of the difficulty lies in that odd idea which many white men still cling to: that the outside world, the public domain, is their private club—a place where they can make the rules and break them in their own way. Neither white women nor colored people have, as yet, been accepted by them as full members of that world.

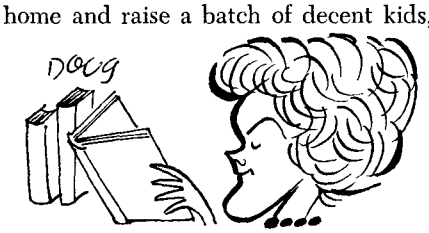
A small book on this spacious and dark theme of modern women and where they belong has just come off the press. But, unfortunately, the contributors—Pearl Buck, Margaret Mead, and others—are given too little space and too blurred a focus; some of these writers have more talent and experience than their essays will suggest. The only fair and constructive way to look at this symposium is as a handbook that contains troubling but relevant facts, a few questionable interpretations, a hefty amount of scolding, and now and then some nice, pungent analysis. Finally, somehow, it adds up to a useful resource for study groups, but to no more than that.

Although the writers could but nibble at the edge of their ambiguous theme, a few turned out some interesting pages. Agnes de Mille, out of her personal experiences as dancer and choreographer, writes candidly of the arid, desexualized life of the modern dancer. What she says will not be taken in submissive silence by some dancers, but she has palpated a tender area of the female psyche and has done it with wit and heart.

In an equally warm piece of writing, Edith F. Hunter gives us an enchanting account of her experiences with her small child. Her way of opening up to him the worlds of poetry and art, her sensitive talk with this six-year-old about death, their walks together, reveal the possibilities that await any mother who chooses the creative approach to rearing her children.

Mrs. Hunter's essay brings to the surface, implicitly, a big problem of, shall we say, a spiritual nature. Not just women but men tend to measure achievements by the publicity they receive. This is a dreadful fact of modern existence. Many gifted young women believe they are demoting themselves if they return to the unpublicized home to raise babies. Who will ever hear of them and their work? And, too, is it important to bring up one child or two or three who possess the quality of excellence? In this era of large aggregates, can it be a worthy project to grow human beings one at a time?

But, on the other hand (we are dealing with a hundred million American females), when a large number of young women do seem content to make a home and raise a batch of decent kids, other women criticize them for wasting their brains. Coming out of the cave or going back to it, the girls get a few slaps. Edith Hunter's essay is a needed corrective to the disesteem many gifted women give the job of child-rearing.



Mrs. Buck's discussion of the situation professional women are in strikes me as a bit too cheery. One wishes she had faced up more to the difficulties writers encounter. What about that "lady novelist" cliché? How about those few women writers who dare step over into the male domain of ideas or world affairs? Does Mrs. Buck not remember how subtly they are sometimes disbarred from the literary profession by being labeled "humanitarian"? She has herself used a male pseudonym; was it not to try to outwit these prejudices?

In a driving, impassioned prose which I enjoyed, Margaret Mead touches on all the problems lightly, and sometimes with a pointed lack of precision. She sees a new trek back to the cave going on; she thinks women are not measuring up very well to the challenge of their age, and she thinks the fault is both theirs and the men's.

Ethel J. Alpenfels good-humoredly tackles the complexities of the subject by focusing with care on a splinter of the problem. She gives us a useful, reliable analysis of the situation of women in the professions. With varying skill and talent, the other writers examine the status of women in church, politics, business, health, and labor ranks. We are reminded that women can become vice presidents of unions but whoever heard of a woman who was president? The point is—and it is scary—American women are just not rising to the important responsibilities they should be given and should accept in industry, labor, politics, etc.

SOME of the contributors sting the female reader by reminding her that Asian and even African women are taking their places more successfully than are American women as leaders. But what Asian or African woman has to sneak round King Arthur's court and Dante's picture gallery of Beatrice, and feel her way through an endless sacred madonna labyrinth—not to mention those old witches and bitches and the current image of Momism that are ready at any moment to trip her up—before she can begin to create an image of herself as a person or find the work that will best fit her own and the world's importunate needs!

The smidge of unasked advice I have to give is that women, while in search of an image of themselves as human beings, should never forget to use their female talents, day and night, to get where they need and want to go.

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Magic in Their Madness

"The Petty Demon," by Fyodor Sologub, *translated by Andrew Field (Random House. 355 pp. $4.95), mingles realism with symbolism in a portrayal of degenerate Russian provincial society just before the Revolution. Ivar Spector is author of "The Golden Age of Russian Literature" and "An Introduction to Russian History and Culture."*

By IVAR SPECTOR

FYODOR SOLOGUB (Fyodor Kuzmich Teternikov, 1863-1927), a "Satanic solipsist" of proletarian origin, was a leading Russian decadent and Symbolist who, after 1917, became one of the "inner exiles" of revolutionary Russia. Like most of his contemporaries who revolted against the realism and social content of Russian literature of the Golden Age, he was a gifted poet; unlike most of them, he was also a successful novelist. "The Petty Demon," his best known work (completed after ten years of effort in 1902, partly serialized in 1905, and finally published in book form in 1907), soon became and remained a Russian literary classic.

This novel might well have been called "Main Street"; in that event, it might have been classified as realistic rather than symbolistic. Russian realism and early Russian Symbolism (hedonism elevated to an art) are so closely interwoven here that it is often difficult to draw a line between the two.

The main character, Ardal'on Borisych Peredonov, is a perverted and sadistic provincial schoolteacher with a persecution mania, whose obsessive ambition to become a school inspector eventually destroys him. His vulgar mistress, Varvara, diabolically tricks him into marrying her on the ground that this is the only way he can achieve his goal. He attempts to undermine the prestige of his principal, anonymously labels a teacher in a red blouse subversive, spreads rumors that a handsome high-school boy is a girl in disguise, tears the wallpaper from his rented apartment to express his hatred of his landlady, and seeks to destroy everything that is beautiful and everyone who stands in his way. In the end, in a fit of rage and on the verge of insanity, he slits the throat of his best friend, the sheeplike Volodin.

Peredonov combines some of the attributes of Akaki Akakyevitch (Gogol's "Cloak"), Chichikov (Gogol's "Dead Souls"), Don Quixote, and Fyodor Karamazov. "Peredonovism," like "Oblomovism" (Goncharov) and "Yudushka" (Saltykov-Shchedrin), became a household word in Russia.

Sologub's morbid credo, reminiscent of the Manicheans, was that an archdemon (Satan), king of beauty and death, rules the earth, from which the only escape is the world of fantasy and dreams. As proof of this, the ghostly Nedotykomka harrasses Peredonov all his life and stands between him and his goal, eventually driving him mad. Since Sologub's world is dominated by demonology rather than by theology, it is logical that a society ruled by an archdemon should be inhabited by petty demons. Ostensibly the petty demon of this novel is Nedotykomka, but in reality it is Peredonov. Collectively, all those who compose the society in which Peredonov lives are *melkye besy*, or petty demons. This Russian "Main Street" has virtually no redeeming characters. All act as if they are possessed.

Technically speaking, this is a typically Russian novel in that it leaves the reader's imagination ablaze. Sologub is a literary craftsman of stature, and this book is free from the affected mannerisms that marred some of his later efforts. "The Petty Demon" is a work of art that may be regarded as complementary to Dostoevsky's "The Possessed" and "The Brothers Karamazov." The English translation is good, and American readers of Russian literature will welcome this opportunity to become familar with Sologub's realistic picture of the materialism and degeneracy of Russian provincial society on the eve of the Bolshevik Revolution.

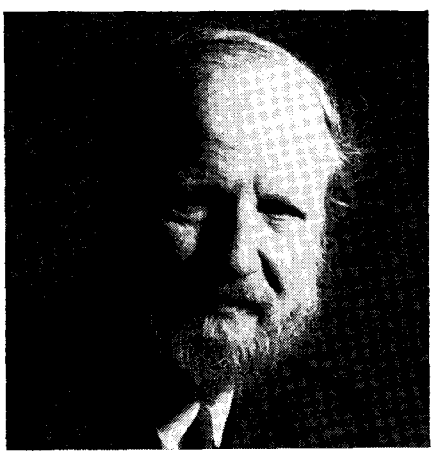
Once Upon an Age

"The Inheritors," by William Golding *(Harcourt, Brace. 233 pp. $4.50), pictures the dilemma of Neanderthal men when their forest is invaded by beings an evolutionary notch above them. W. G. Rogers is a syndicated writer for the Saturday Review Book Service.*

By W. G. ROGERS

WAY OFF in the primeval forest, along a river with an island and a roaring waterfall, live Lok and Fa, Ha and Nil, old man Mal and his old woman, and some youngsters. They are Neanderthals. Though they have appeared, hairy, shambling and ape-like, in histories and biology books, this must be their first venture out of the Paleolithic period into the last place they could have imagined themselves: the twentieth-century world of fiction.

They eat grubs, ants, fresh shoots and, provided they don't have to kill it, since they are gentle creatures, a deer dragged down by a big cat. They can keep a fire alive from one camp to another. To ward off wild beasts, they carry a thorn bush. They pick up



William Golding—a boxed-in target.

a stone with a prehensile foot as easily as with a hand.

They don't get ideas but, rather, "pictures." After a minute's dreamy look, there comes a "picture" of how to bridge a stream or where to find food. Their world is anthropomorphic: the wet surface of a rock tries to make a man slip, water snatches at him, cold water even bites him, and fire goes to sleep, is fed, and finally wakes up.

The hardest lesson they have to learn to express, and indeed the last lesson of their crude lives, is "bent

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sticks and twigs," meaning bows and arrows. A people one evolutionary notch above them invades. The newcomers have advanced—if that's the direction—far enough to comb hair, portage canoes, brew drinks, sacrifice to the gods, and slay with bow and arrow.

Golding is best known for "Lord of the Flies." In that novel boys beyond the reach of civilization's sanctions revert to savagery. In this, the "inheritors," who take on civilization's attributes, cling brutally to savage traits. Golding has got his target boxed in, but it remains to be decided at just what point human nature is ideal.

This is an even better story than the other. It's not so hard as you think to sympathize with Neanderthal man, his spirit of fun, his appetites, satisfactions, and griefs. You share his terror at the "civilized" invaders.

In a way this is a sort of animal story, with Lok and Fa as faithful, trustworthy, and loving as horse and dog. William Golding has an uncanny skill in showing how the rudimentary mind works; and there's always a warm heart along with it.

THE RIGHTS OF WHITES: "The Wahindi was saying something now about there being a herd of zebras in the street last night, and the DC still complaining about elephants tearing up the planting in the *boma*, and Brian was scarcely listening because he was thinking that, having said *kwaheri* to Ololokwe, he would soon be saying *jambo* to Kerinyagga, majestic, snow-wigged, stern-faced, snaggle-toothed Mount Kenya, where God lived when He was home."

To toss off sentences like the tortured thing above requires a broad knowledge of Africa and an indifference to the finer points of writing. Robert Ruark proves that he has both throughout "**Uhuru**" (McGraw-Hill, $5.95), his longish "novel of Africa today."

There is no sense in trying to recount the plotwork. For most of its length the book follows a white hunter who seems to be the major character, then drops him in favor of an African leader whose career is about to go down the drain. There are scores of lesser white and black characters throughout, each occasionally coming to the fore when needed. The whites are mostly planters fighting for their lands and rights against the blacks, who are either schemers and rogues or loyal, ignorant "Uncle Tom" types. There is little doubt where the author's sympathies lie in what pretends to be an impartial fictional examination of the upheaval caused by the coming of *uhuru* (freedom) to the Dark Continent.

Since Mr. Ruark's work can neither be taken seriously in terms of fiction nor trusted in terms of objectivity, of what value is it? I think the answer lies in the treasure trove of fractured English it contains. Certainly when I've long forgotten "Ship of Fools" and "War and Peace" I will be able to warm myself in front of the fireplace, stroke the dog, and chuckle over any of the following:

"She walked off to the mess tent looking, Brian thought, even more attractive in her well-cut slacks from the rear than she did from the front. . . ."

"She was foamily brushing the sleeping-pill taste out of her mouth. . . ."

"From his upper lip downward. . . ."

—Haskel Frankel.

FATAL CHARIVARI: Angel Maria de Lera is a Spanish author who, one would guess from his brief biography, found himself on the losing side in the Spanish Civil War, and began writing novels after holding a variety of odd jobs. His "The Horns of Fear" has already been published here; his new book, "**The Wedding**" (Dutton, $3.95), appeared in Spain in 1959.

"The Wedding" is a very simple story, built up into a novel by an elaborate and leisurely filling in of details. A rich widower returns from Africa, where he made his fortune, to a village in his native Spain. He sets out to marry a pretty young village girl; and, although he arranges the marriage as properly and as liberally as possible, the villagers resent him from the start. A violent antagonism builds up against him; he has become a "foreigner" to them, a "nigger," and he has no right to marry a young girl. It is the local custom that a young couple's wedding night be disturbed by practical jokes of a doubtful character. In the case of the rich "foreigner" these end—as we knew from the start they would—in tragedy.

The story is well told, and adequately translated by Stephen Kaye. It is not Angel de Lera's fault that we keep expecting something more, that we wait for some hidden meaning to emerge. This novel, and the very choice of its subject, have a stifled air; and I would guess that such is the fate of much writing under a censorship as stringent and whimsical as that which the present Spanish government has established.

—Hans Koningsberger.

HERBA, SANTA AND AQUA VITAE: Tobacco, the "sacred herb," was once thought a cure for everything from asthma to plague; grain spirit is called "Water of Life" in nearly every language, including Gaelic (which gives us our "whisky.") The fascinating history of these and other familiar items is contained in "**Folklore and Odysseys of Food and Medicinal Plants**," by Ernst and Johanna Lehner (Tudor, 4.95).

Sir John Barleycorn, from an English chapbook, 18th century.

Vintagers, from Crescenzi's "Opus Commodorum Ruralium," 1493.

Drunkard, from Berger's "Spiegel Menschlicher Behaltnes," 1489.

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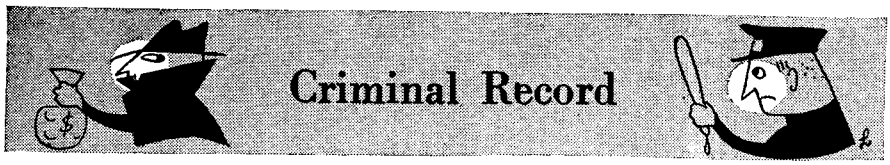


THE SHAPES OF SLEEP. *By J. B. Priestley. Doubleday.* $3.75. English free-lance writer takes on cloak-and-daggerish assignment which includes grand tour of West Germany; philately figures; people die. This hand has not lost its cunning.

HOME AND MURDER: *By Aaron Marc Stein. Crime Club.* $3.50. New York engineer accepts water-supply job in Virgin Islands only to find that homicide has priority over hydrology. Flip and feral.

FULL TERM. *By Philip Spencer. British Book Centre.* $3.50. A staid Oxford college becomes unstaid when sharp-tongued don gets his comeuppance; Superintendent Gribble (good man) has faculty assistance. Erudite, and told with great good humor.

THE PRAYING MANTISES. *By Hubert Monteilhet. Translated from the French by Richard Howard. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Two unprincipled Frenchwomen are the catalytic agents in this deadly little *chef d'oeuvre*, which took a *grand prix* for *la littérature policière*. Documents tell the story.

PRISONER'S FRIEND. *By Andrew Garve. Harper.* $3.50. English veterinarian is jolted when youthful parolee becomes murder suspect. Was it a frame or wasn't it? Usual superior performance.

THE AMBER EYES. *By Frances Crane. Random House.* $3.50. Pat and Jean Abbott, San Francisco sleuthing team, investigate two deaths (one a retarded child) in extremely wacky family next door. Highly talkative.

CORMORANT'S ISLE. *By Allan MacKinnon. Crime Club.* $3.50. Kilt-clad professional photographer has devil of a time when cops tag him as kidnapper of diplomat's young son; chase takes in Lowlands, England, Highlands. Lively roughhouse all the way.

THE GRAVESIDE COMPANION. *Edited by J. Francis McComas. Obolensky.* $4.50. This anthology of California murders narrates eight fact crimes in detail and has a terminal summary by the editor that packs several cases into one bundle. A natural for the true-tale fan.

HEAR THE STRIPPER SCREAM. *By Peter Cagney. Roy.* $2.95. Mike Strang, West Coast eye, takes on undescribed job for tycoon (is it blackmail or kidnapping?); there are dead. Population explosion.

THE BORDERS OF BARBARISM. *By Eric Williams. Coward-McCann.* $3.95. British world-roving couple accept undiplomatic mission in Yugoslavia that has its roots in Second World War; Tito unliked. Grown-up adventure-suspense number.

WINDOW ON THE SQUARE. *By Phyllis A. Whitney. Appleton-Century-Crofts.* $4.95. Young New York woman takes post as sitter for problem child (male) in posh town-house (time 1870s); runs into oddballs, killings. Fine period piece, but just a bit drawn out.

IT'S TIME TO TELL. *By George P. Le Brun, as told to Edward D. Radin. Morrow.* $3.75. Ex-New York Board of Coroners official (he turned 100 July 27) gives briskly readable account of many notable murders that came under his jurisdiction.

SEEN DIMLY BEFORE DAWN. *By Nigel Balchin. Simon & Schuster.* $3.75. Callow English schoolboy falls for uncle's consort but draws line at murder. Delightful comedy all the way.

BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR: 17th Annual Collection. *Edited by Brett Halliday. Dutton.* $3.95. Eighteen short tales ranging from soft-boiled to hard, but chosen from only five media, make up latest selection.

THE LADY FINGER. *By George Malcolm-Smith. Crime Club.* $3.50. Otis Minton, Connecticut claim agent, motors to Boston when bank is heisted for 250 Gs; Hub cops, FBI, also in on hunt. Excellent action.

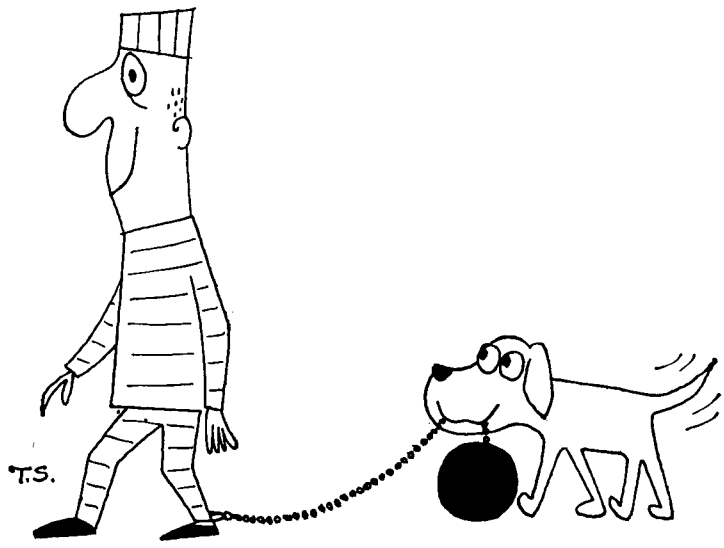
SEANCE. *By Mark McShane. Crime Club.* $2.95. English medium (not a fake) and hubby concoct snatch plot solely to increase her reputation in psychic research field, but the best-laid plans. . . . A heart-render.

THE TESTAMENT OF CASPAR SCHULTZ. *By Martin Fallon. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.95. Paul Chavasse, British secret agent, explores West Germany in hunt for memoirs of high Nazi official; deaths litter trail. Orthodox spy thriller.

THE EVIL WISH. *By Jean Potts. Scribners.* $3.50. New York spinsisters irked when widower pop plans remarriage; they plot his demise, but destiny takes a hand. Interesting study in psychological suspense.

PRACTITIONERS OF MURDER. *By Charles Boswell and Lewis Thompson. Collier Books.* 95¢ (*paperback*). Ten true tales from all over (mainly U.S.) in which the homicidists were M.D.'s who were "traitors to Hippocrates." Ingenious idea, effectively carried out.

SUICIDE OR MURDER? *By Vardis Fisher. Alan Swallow, Denver 10, Colorado.* $4.95. An accredited novelist-historian here examines the mysterious death in Tennessee, in 1809, of the leader of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Excellent post-mortem, with good summaries of conclusions reached by previous commentators. —SERGEANT CUFF.



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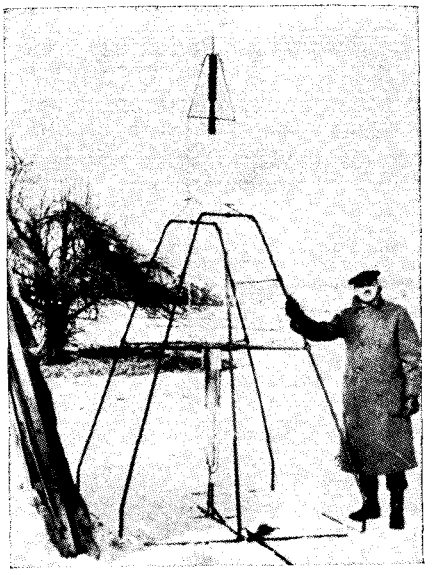
Knowledge in Nice Packages

By ALICE DALGLIESH

DURING the past few weeks, while I have been busy with other things, all kinds of very neat boxes have been arriving in my apartment. Usually books for review come in Jiffy book bags and similar containers, but these were in boxes. Curiosity getting the better of me, I finally opened them, and found myself surrounded by sets of books, their covers blazing with color. Packaging has taken hold more than ever in material intended "for home and school." Parents and teachers will have to keep their feet firmly on the ground not be carried away by outer trappings.

Most material intended primarily for schools is not for review in these pages, but I looked briefly at a set of eight social studies books from the Children's Press. "Enchantment of America" is their series title, and they present regional groupings of states. There are full-color covers and jackets and fair to medium color pictures inside. They come with a Teacher's Manual, and questions at the ends of sections. These doubtless may have their place in schools, but look at them carefully. I note that in "The South Atlantic States," which I read from cover to cover, the Civil War is taken care of in a page and a half, and its causes are not mentioned. The slaves never seem to arrive, and they are freed in a single casual sentence. Plenty of Indians in these states but I couldn't find a Negro pictured. A true regional social studies book! Some other areas fare slightly better. In "The Gulf Lands and Central South" Negroes occasionally creep in but still are somewhat lightly treated. "In this state [Alabama] the gracious traditions of the old South still prevail and the melodious folk songs of the Negro cotton workers blend with the strident whistles of the factory." No indexes. $3.50 per volume.

There are also two brand new (up to astronaut) encyclopedias—The Golden Home and High School Encyclopedia, published by The Golden Press, and Young People's Science Encyclopedia, edited by the Staff of the National College of Education, Evanston, published by the Children's Press. As each of these has twenty slim volumes, they will have to wait a while for review. The Golden Encyclopedia has probably the most decorative covers ever seen on such a work, but no explanation of what the decorations mean (some are paintings or sculpture from early civilizations). Both encyclopedias are packed with color.



—From "Robert Goddard: 'Space Pioneer."

Another box contained ten volumes of Colliers's Junior Classics, "The Young Folk's Shelf of Books" (Crowell-Collier, ($79.90). These are trimmed with gold and look somewhat like "sets" of books used to. They were examined with considerable care because generally anthologies seem a poor substitute for the books themselves. The series editor of this group is Margaret Martignoni, who has previously edited another large anthology; the editor-in-chief is Dr. Louis Shores, dean of the Library School at Florida State University. Individual books have separate editors, in each case a well-known librarian.

Each editor selects good material within her range of choice. This is the usual story with regard to anthologies, for certain authors and publishers are not willing to allow their best material to be used for the fee offered. They also feel they have practically no control over the pictures or design of the books, as indeed they have not.

In this case the editors made choices that are discriminating, by and large, but I am sure that all of them cannot have seen all of the illustrations. When original illustrations are used, the reproduction is sometimes good, sometimes poor—and occasionally the pictures seem to burst from the pages of the book. But some of the new ones, especially those in the collection of folk and fairy tales, are of poor quality. "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," by Hans Christian Andersen, appears in American uniform, with U.S. on his hip canteen. I hope the Danes never see this!

The last volume of this set contains selections from the "classics," with "Alice in Wonderland" appearing in its entirety or almost in its entirety. Isn't Alice rather better in her own book? Although some of the selections in the volume seem to hang in air, they may possibly lead on to the book because sources are clearly given, and often further reading on a topic is suggested. Not for a home with well-stocked bookcases, the set will perhaps serve as a guide for those who feel the need of direction. Books that reproduce about a third or less of the original illustrations in a picture book never give a clear idea of the whole.

THE SMALLEST box contained Webster's New World Dictionary Elementary Edition (World, $4.50). These days one also approaches a dictionary with feet on the ground, and considerable caution. This one lists "ain't" as "not now regarded as standard English"

–From "The Tale of a Wood."

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but it is "sometimes defended as a useful contraction of *am not* in asking a question (I'm going too, *ain't* I?)" This I do not go along with, nor with ıe pronunciation of news as nōōz (with alternate given), but otherwise it is a good dictionary for grade school children. The typographical jacket is neat and cheerful; the type is clear and in a comfortable size; the pictures on the well-laid-out pages are carefully described; definitions are simple and lucid, with slang words indicated as slang. David B. Guralnik, editor-in-chief of Webster's New World Dictionaries, edited this dictionary, with an advisory council of educators.

WHY DON'T YOU DRAW A DOG? *By Marguerite F. Melcher. Illustrated by Margot Zemach. Little, Brown.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. A slight book, but amusing. It may be particularly so to artists because everyone knows what a subjective matter art is. Children, too, are critical of each other's drawings, so when Markee draws a picture of her twin brother he does not care for it. Nor do her older sister and friend Susie appreciate their portraits. So it goes—and, while the book may not call for many rereadings, it is almost sure to set the child listener off on "I can draw better than Markee." In this instance illustrations that look exactly like children's lrawings are justified. Ages up to 4+.

WHICH IS WILLY? *By Robert Bright. Doubleday.* 32 *pp.* $2. "This is Willy. He is not happy because he wants to be different. At the South Pole, where Willy lives, there are many penguins. But they all look the same." At first glance this seems to be one of those prevalent little animal fables in which the creature always wants to be "different." But Willy's adventures end with a different twist. After his trip to the city he returns to the South Pole and: "He no longer cares about being different or the same. Willy just wants to be Willy. Well, thank goodness!" Ages up to 5.

IO SONO, I AM. *By Florence Slobodkin. Pictures by Louis Slobodkin. Vanguard.* 32 *pp.* $3. "Italian with fun" the author and artist call this—and it is, though more fun than Italian. The book begins with decorous and simple sentences in Italian and English: "I am a lion," for example. Later this builds up to "I am a kind lion with a bicycle," which is a lot more entertaining. Pronunciation is explained and children can have a good time with the book at home if there are cooperative parents to read along with them. No age level given.

THE KITTEN WHO BARKED. *By Louis Untermeyer. Illustrated by Lilian Obligado. Golden Press.* 18 *pp.* $2.99. Louis Untermeyer doesn't try to make a fable out of this; he simply tells a "true to life experience" about five cats and a very small dog that almost thought he was a kitten. Like many owners of cats and dogs the author is always ready to think for his animals—to step inside their minds. The result is mildly amusing, though much of the entertainment is supplied by the pictures. Ages not specified.

THE HUNGRY LEPRECHAUN. *By Mary Calhoun. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Morrow.* 32 *pp.* $2.75. Some children will enjoy this story of an absent-minded leprechaun who brought potatoes to Ireland. There is no indication of whether it is based on a folk tale or is entirely original —so it must be the latter.

These are not Roger Duvoisin's best illustrations though the picture in which Tippery, the leprechaun, makes a pot of frogs instead of dandelion soup, is indeed most sprightly. Ages 4-8.

MY FIVE SENSES. *Written and illustrated by Aliki. Crowell.* 40 *pp.* $2.50. One of the group called "Let's Read and Find Out Science Books," this may well prompt children to continue their seeing, hearing, touching, tasting, and smelling far beyond the pages of the book. Also it suggests a game—call it an experiment if you will: how many of my senses am I using at this particular minute? While I do not feel enthusiastic about all of Aliki's illustrations, they are simple, colorful, and amusing to children. Some of them are not clear enough for a science book but, on the other hand, they are not of the traditional school book variety. Ages 4-7.

MYSTERY OF THE MUSICAL UMBRELLA. *By Friedrich Feld. Illustrated by Doris Jackson. Random House.* 84 *pp.* $1.95. Like many adults, children enjoy mystery stories, and it is always a pleasant experience to find one that is interesting, well illustrated, and well produced. When Mr. Aldemar loses the musical umbrella that he has invented, two children and (unwittingly) a dog, become amateur sleuths who find the thief. The story has humor and is credible—except that readers may wonder why the thief did not buy another umbrella, instead of going out on the street with the musical one. Ages 8-10.

THE TALE OF A WOOD. *Written and illustrated by Henry B. Kane. Knopf.* 114 *pp.* $3. A companion to "The Tale of a Meadow" and "The Tale of a Pond," this, too, has handsome photographs, using, but not overusing, the device of a boy who goes into the woods on a summer morning. Mr. Kane shows us in both photographs and drawings what may be found there. He takes us inside an old carriage house at the edge of the woods, and we see its population: mice, spiders, bats, birds, a raccoon family. On a May morning the boy watches a Promethea moth come out of its cocoon, and also observes the mating dance of the Prometheas, "one of the wood's most ancient rites." The boy finds out about flowers and trees, and he has unexpected meetings such as that with two sleepy, fuzzy young owls.

This is a fine book for a young naturalist who is also a good reader—for Mr. Kane makes no compromises in his writing. Ages 9-12.

SILENCE OVER DUNKERQUE. *By John R. Tunis. Morrow.* 224 *pp.* $2.95. A poignant and gripping story about the evacuation of Dunkerque, this tells of a British sergeant on one side of the Channel and his family on the other. Eventually, when their father does not return, the twins, Ricky and Ronny, take their boat across, and through them we see the hardships the small boats encounter. They come back with six dead, fourteen wounded, and twelve others taken off at Dunkerque. Meanwhile their father is safe in Calais. In one chapter we get an unforgettable vignette of what happens to the dog population of a bombed town—just one small aspect of war. It is hard to believe while reading that the book can have a happy ending, but it does.

"Silence Over Dunkerque" should appeal to both boys and girls, because there is also Gisele, the French girl who rescues the sergeant. Ages 12-16.

ROBERT GODDARD: SPACE PIONEER. *By Anne Perkins Dewey. Illustrated with photographs. Little, Brown.* 148 *pp.* $3.50. Young people who take rockets for granted may be surprised to learn that the projectiles' early days were strongly reminiscent of those of the airplane. The image of Dr. Goddard standing beside the first liquid-propellant rocket to fly is almost unbelievable.

This is a first book, with faults that the author will later remedy. People "wail" for example, and while Mrs. Goddard may have wailed, it is hard to imagine young Goddard "wailing" when his rocket, fired in his bedroom, went through the window.

After an account of Goddard's childhood, which seems overfictionalized but which lets one see the family clearly, the book settles down and becames really interesting. There are amusing incidents, like the time Charles Lindbergh, young and fresh from his Atlantic flight, came to see Dr. Goddard and took him up in his small plane. Goddard "turned green," said he would keep his feet on the ground after that, and closed his eyes.

We follow the vicissitudes of various rockets all named "Nell" and watch Goddard's courageous fight against cancer of the larynx. The last words written to his wife on the pad that had become his voice were: "*About a thousand things!*" (Italics the author's.) Ages 12 up.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. iSOSceles; 2. hanDSOme; 3. ofF-HAnd; 4. salAMAnder 5. AjacCIO; 6. conSECutive; 7. fractIOUs; 8 deoDAR; 9. ranSACk 10. tighTWAd; 11. cruCIAl; 12. EutERPe.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Three Faces of Santa Fe

SANTA FE.

IT HARDLY takes more than twenty-four hours for Santa Fe to cast its spell over the visitor, but it would take as many days, weeks, or months for him properly to analyze the elements of that spell. But well within a minimum of that time, he could at least determine that it is made up of elements relating to yesterday, today, and tomorrow—and today has a fight on its hands to keep even with what has been and what may be.

The fact is, of course, that the past (for all its long perspective in history predating the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth) is still a potent and dynamic thing here. Not many folk spectacles anywhere can equal in drama, pageantry, or variety the annual corn dance of the Santo Domingo Pueblo Indians. It takes place in the plaza of the pueblo, not much more than a half-hour's drive from Santa Fe's own plaza, and it attracts the indoctrinated as well as neophytes.

This year, the annual date of August 4 fell on a Saturday. This coincidence attracted a more than normal year's congestion in the rocky field which is situated beside the Spanish Mission church where Franciscan friars were converting Indians to Catholicism in the seventeenth century, and which has since become a parking lot.

If one was fortunate (as happened to be my lot), one might arrive at the moment of the grand ceremonial entrance about one P.M., after the image of Saint Dominic (from which Santo Domingo is linguistically descended) had been taken from the old mission church after Mass and placed reverently into a bower of cottonwood bows and richly ornate Indian blankets, forming an altar. Here it was guarded by a detachment of venerable tribesmen through the long hours of dancing which reached their climax at sunset.

Advancing down the rectangular plaza toward the altar, the long lines of dancers moved in perfect unison with the beat of the drum and the chanting of older nondancers. To their blend of percussion and voices, each moving body added its own striking antiphony — the silvery shimmering sound of the many bells that braced each leg, the resonant vibration of the long looped necklaces around each throat, the sandy swish of the gourds held in each hand. Men and women, old and young, all attired in the colorfully tasteful ceremonial garb (including a fox skin draped down each back) lifted their feet and undulated their shoulders in a flowing pattern of movement that seemed descended from the rippling Rio Grande at the pueblo's perimeter. How much practice went into these maneuvers? As much as the years which separated the youngest toddlers at the end of the line from their grandparents at its head.

The contradiction of the sacred Mass and the pagan ritual might create some mental confusion, but hardly more than the nagging knowledge that more than a few of those in the long files of dancers—including the strikingly handsome young men in their twenties—had attended the Santo Domingo Public School preparatory to taking up scholarships in college. But the ties that bound them to the land of their forefathers, the inbred respect for the cycle of planting, fruition, and harvest was still at the core of their being, strong enough to overcome the intrusive presence of the white man one deduced from the TV antennas on several of the adobe dwellings.

ONLY a little farther away on another tangent from Santa Fe is the uneasy presence of tomorrow, on the high plateau of the Jémez Mountains occupied by the town of Los Alamos. Once the sleepy preserve of a boys' ranch school, it has emerged from wartime secrecy into a community of 13,000, pursuing, under the supervision of the University of California, research into advanced uses of nuclear energy for (so it is said) health, chemistry, and metallurgy. Within this ultra-modern city made up of eighteen churches, almost as many individual dwellings as there are families (the average gross income per household is $13,000), and a shopping center offering the abundance of the world's goods, there is the only FM radio station in the area (KRSN) broadcasting symphonic music at regular intervals. Los Alamos also has the only collection of signs pointing to an evacuation route in case of bombings, or indicating where fallout shelters may be found. Well, as Igor Stravinsky once epigrammed, "The only way to escape Hollywood is to live there"—perhaps the only way to avoid reality is to live in this idyllic spot, surrounded by mountain ridges, deep ravines, and superlatively peaceful vistas, where tomorrow's reality began.

Either the Indians of Santo Domingo or the scientists of Los Alamos are valid reasons for visiting this area—in addition to the one which brought this visitor here to begin with. Dining a table away from Stravinsky himself (by no premeditation at all) preparatory to viewing a program devoted to his "Persephone" and "Oedipus Rex" is hardly unusual in the context of the unusual that abounds in Santa Fe. Indeed, the presence of the veteran creator could be interpreted as a link from the past to the future more assuring than missiles or, even, antimissile missiles.

The content of this program, as the titles suggest, relates to the Aegean phase of Stravinsky's expression, which went on to comprehend such works as "Apollon Musagète," "Orpheus," and "Agon." Intimately as each relates to devices and techniques outlined in the prior program of "Mavra," "Renard," and "Le Rossignol," the pairing of "Persephone" and "Oedipus" struck one as curiously akin to the contradiction of expression contained in the blending of the ritualistic and the pagan in the ceremonial of the Santo Domingos. Life and death, birth and renewal remain the essence of man, whatever his faith or its mode of manifestation.

As the central artistic force of today's Santa Fe, the Opera Company, in its performance of "Persephone" and "Oedipus," gave the implicit suggestion that its dynamic power is of lower voltage than that of the Indians or the scientists. It strives for worthy results, and achieves some useful ends (especially the employment of young people, local and imported, in an operatic environment hard to find elsewhere in America at this time of year). But it serves these ends better than it masters the opportunities its situation provides.

Thus the coupling of "Persephone" and "Oedipus" brought together such admirable artists as—in the first—Loren Driscoll as Eumolpus and Vera Zorina as Persephone, and—in the second—George Shirley as Oedipus, Donald Gramm as Tiresias, Helen Vanni as Jocasta, and Theodor Uppman as Creon. Both were conducted by John Crosby, who is also founder, principal supporter, and director of the Santa Fe Opera. A harder core of professionalism in this venture would assure a better separation of functions; for Crosby's effort, respectable though it was, did not measure up either to the opportunity or to the quality of performing talent assembled. Lessons of history respecting the survival of the fittest abound in Santa Fe, and its opera company might well take stock of itself relative to them. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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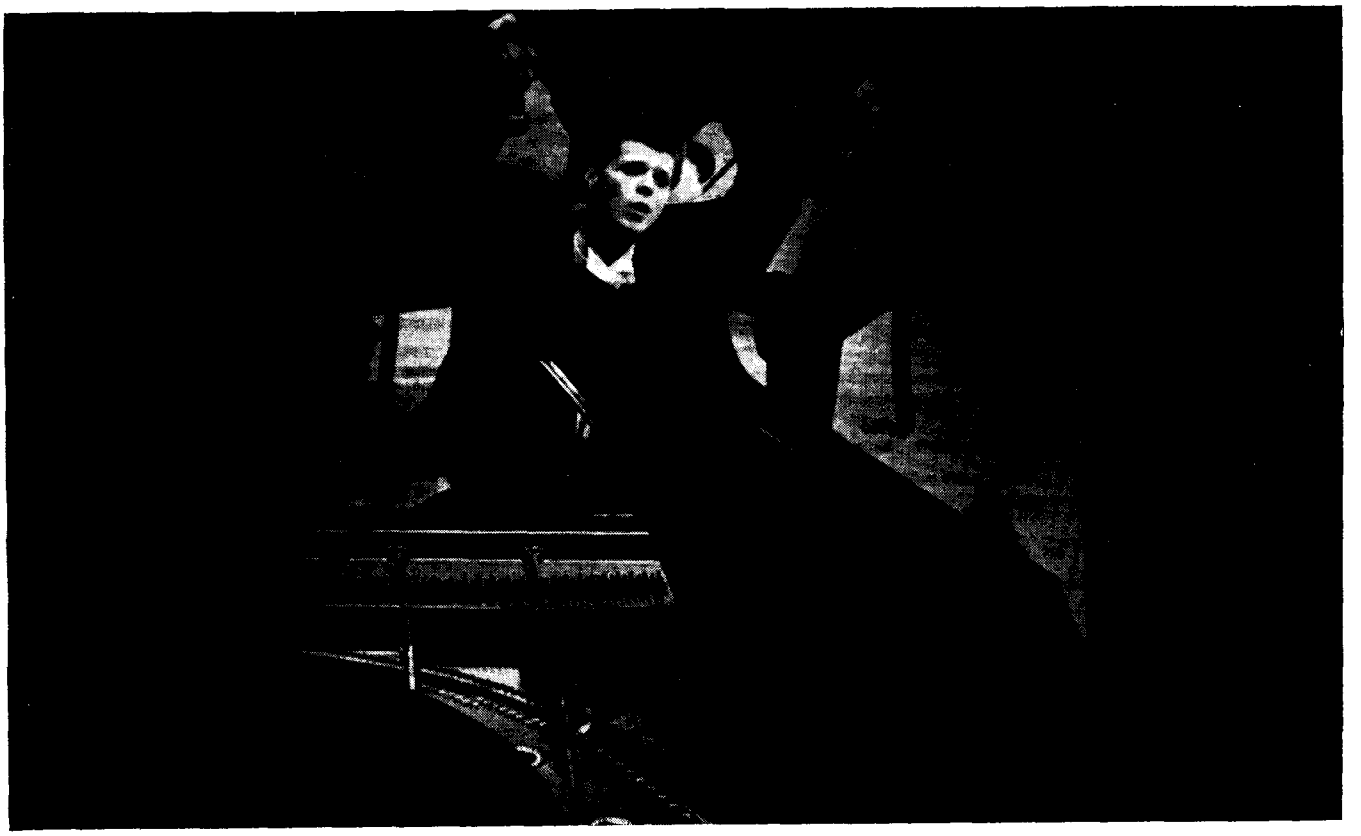

—*Eugene Cook.*

Van Cliburn—"a measure of the result that can accrue to a competition winner in the right place at the right time. . . ."

SR/RECORDINGS

AUGUST 25, 1962

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ON TO FORT WORTH

PIANO COMPETITIONS: TALENT HUNT OR SPORT?

By CARL BATTAGLIA

BELA BARTOK probably spoke for a good many musicians when he said, "Competitions are for horses, not artists." Nevertheless, it is a fact that more young performers than ever before—particularly pianists—are availing themselves of the opportunities afforded by this "sport." Within recent months, two of the most famous competitions (the American Leventritt and the Russian Tchaikovsky) have given prominence to a number of pianists from Belgium, France, Russia, England, and the United States. Within a few weeks the center of attention will shift to Texas, where the first International Quadrennial Piano Competition named after—who else?—Van Cliburn will dangle a series of prizes (including an unprecedented $10,000 for the top winner) before a collection of competitors even more varied than what is suggested by the five languages in which the "Règles du Concours" of the competition's brochure are printed.

The chief function of any competition is threefold: to find, develop, and promote new talent. Sometimes, however, promotion takes precedence over the other two functions, as in the recent Tchaikovsky Competition, in which the Russians set up the considerably well-developed Vladimir Ashkenazy—who had toured this country several years before with resounding success—as a standard by which others could match themselves. England's John Ogdon was graciously admitted to a co-winner's status with Ashkenazy, who nevertheless emerged unexcelled.

Customarily, the means for developing and promoting talent are assured

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even before finding the talent. Depending on the number and resourcefulness of the competition's sponsors, substantial money prizes may be augmented by appearances with orchestras here and abroad, a recording contract, a managerial affiliation, and even—as in the case of Cliburn's success in Moscow—front-page publicity in the nation's press. More recently, when Agustin Anievas was named winner of the top prize in a competition designed to honor Dimitri Mitropoulos, he was presented with a check for $5,000, a managerial contract with Hurok Attractions, and an opportunity to record for Columbia. Susan Starr of Philadelphia (who was among the finalists with Anievas) didn't win first prize in Moscow, but her runner-up status will give her a long lead on other twenty-year-old pianists of either sex.

THUS Bartók's dictum may have to be amended, if not revalued. Like the Grand Prix and the Derby, the musical *concours* attracts not only competitors but devotees. In Europe especially, where France, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland have a round of competitions predating World War II, queuing up for seats to the public sessions is not unusual. In this country it has been more the custom to conduct competitions in private, but the clear advantages of the European procedure, for purposes of promotion and publicity, have initiated a trend toward open awards, openly arrived at.

Yet this is not a trend without a countertrend. The 1960 venture of the Leventritt Award, in which no winner was designated after a lengthy public session in Carnegie Hall by the three finalists, caused a return this year to the nonpublic procedure. This willingness to seek the most suitable means, trend or not, for the accomplishment of its objectives marks the Leventritt auditions as among the finest in the world. To quibble with the manner in which the judges conduct their penetrating analysis of talent is to argue the validity of an x-ray plate. The precision with which they are able to delineate the essentials of a performer under consideration is as remarkable as their selection of the repertoire by which the end is accomplished. For the Foundation is dedicated to the perpetuation of a specific high level of piano performance. Its contestants do not compete against each other but against an established standard of concert performance. Therefore the top prize, which includes appearances with major orchestras as well as a cash award of $1,000, is bestowed only when the jury is convinced that the performer belongs with the major pianists now performing. To this end, a series of smaller awards and engagements with less-prominent orchestras are also awarded in the hope that the experience thus acquired will further the development of such talents with a view to producing a top winner another year.

Michel Block is a case in point. In 1960, he was among those given a cash consideration, when no top winner was selected by the Leventritt jury. Then this year he walked off happily with the first prize, and all its perquisites. However, it may be noted that, in 1960, when Block, Kenneth Amada, and Bela Szilagi were told before an audience of 2,500 in Carnegie Hall that none was "fully equipped for a professional career," the letdown was a public one. His success this time was shared only with the persons present at the final session in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and with those who read the published accounts of the following day. How much better it would have been had Block's recent success been as prominent as his earlier letdown!

—*Sovfoto.*

1962 Tchaikovsky co-winners Vladimir Ashkenazy and John Ogdon at a reception with Chairman Khrushchev.

However, the problem of awards is not peculiar to the Leventritt Competition. Before holding auditions, most prominent competitions establish a set of graded prizes to be awarded to the finalists. A convenient procedure in some kinds of competition, it has its shortcomings in the arts. On some occasions even excellent players with considerable public success have been eliminated because the number of prizes stipulated has not matched the number of quality performers. In the recent Mitropoulos Competition, for example, such performers as Daniel Pollack, Samuel Lipman, Tania Ashot, Zita Carno, and Kenneth Amada did not even reach the final round. Indeed, at the last moment, the judges undertook to tighten the slack in awards by adding two special prizes.

This convenient gesture, while helpful, can hardly be the safeguard of justice that it is purported to be. It merely tries to justify the structuring of a rigid system of prescribed awards. It doesn't answer the question of how to set up the administration of stipulated awards before the recipients have been examined. How can anyone be sure in advance that four contenders may not tie for first prize and thus be equally eligible for the prize money? Or that no more than one or two will merit cash prizes, or that twelve may not deserve special awards? It seems impractical that a committee of judges be restricted to predetermined awards which will, in any way, influence their decision before the fact, and ultimately plunge the jury into a paroxysm of hair splitting.

It is in these circumstances that Bartók's dictum may have a broader application than it might seem to have on the surface. Human factors abound in the confrontation of competitors and judges, where considerations more subtle than fine "points" (on which, for example, judges of dogs proceed) are involved. There have been cases where a minority opinion among jury members has deplored the implication of a wide chasm separating the musical abilities of a first-prize winner and his downgraded competitor. At the 1960 Chopin Competition in Warsaw, judge Artur Rubinstein violently disagreed with the jury's relatively low opinion of one performer and gave his own special prize to the tenth place contender. (It happened to be Michel Block, this year's Leventritt winner.) And it is a moot point whether the Chopin jury of 1955, which decided in the favor of Adam Harasiewicz over Vladimir Ashkenazy by a fraction of a point, really had a significant margin of difference on which to judge.

If methods are subject to criticism,

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how much greater, then, is the need for complete objectivity on the part of the judges appointed to administer them. The 1958 Tchaikovsky Competition is a minor but graphic illustration. The mesmerized Gilels, who left his seat with arms outstretched during the finals of that famous round of tests, and embraced Cliburn after his playing of the Rachmaninoff Third Concerto, compromised considerably the decision of his fellow judges—not to mention influencing the audience, who thunderously demanded that Cliburn be declared the first-prize winner. Emotional, heart warming, and exciting it may have been, but it was also an action that skeptics might have taken into consideration in judging Cliburn's preeminence over his fellow competitors. This is not to suggest that the American should not have won, or to imply that decisions ever will, or should, be received with complete agreement by all involved. It is more by way of suggesting that a jury, like Caesar's wife, ought to be above suspicion. There should be no occasion to doubt its adherence to elementary and universally recognized judicial procedure.

FROM Cliburn in 1958 to the Van Cliburn Competition in Fort Worth in 1962 is a measure of the results that can accrue to a competition winner in the right place at the right time—and, of course, with the right abilities. If, as many fear from the required repertory, the sponsors hope to discover a giant of virtuosity in the mold of the competition's illustrious namesake, pianists will be faced with a repetition of a situation that occurred in 1948. The Rachmaninoff Fund undertook to produce a competition winner who would merit being placed in context with the pianistic genius of the great Russian. Their findings, however, did not encourage a long life for the competition.

In issuing its invitation for pianists to converge on Fort Worth late in September, the sponsors are complimenting the locale with the largest sum of prize money ever offered in such a contest: $10,000 paid in four equal installments to the top winner. Second place is worth $3,000, third place $2,000, and even sixth place carries a $500 reward. This is in keeping with the tradition that Texans have money and are not averse to sponsoring the arts. What has never been quite so clear before is that they insist on value for that money.

The winner must possess a technical keyboard equipment of "virtuoso pro-

(*Continued on page* 39)

Ecole Niçoise

NICE.

AS THE commercial epidemic of summer festivals continues to spread throughout Europe, the Côte d'Azur is keeping pace. Menton and Monte Carlo already have elaborate concert series that come close to warranting the "festival" title, even though they seldom stray from the beaten paths in repertory or roster. In Nice, however, a festival has arisen that concentrates on education as much as on performance. If tourist attraction is intended, it is of secondary importance.

Such a policy, though familiar to visitors to Tanglewood or Aspen, is practically unknown to the European festivalgoer. It gives Nice a gratifyingly individual musical profile.

The nucleus of activities here is the *Académie Internationale d'Eté*, the brainchild of composer-conductor-educator-musicologist Fernand Oubradous. Having spent five years on the faculty of the Salzburg Mozarteum, Oubradous knew exactly which policies he wanted to import from the Austrian mecca, and which he must avoid. Music making would have to be more important than money making.

He engaged the services of some of the finest musicians in France, making it clear that their primary function would be teaching. The setting seemed ideal. For classes there was the lavish Villa Paradiso, once owned by the Rothschilds; for concerts there were the chapel and courtyard of the medieval Cimiez cloister. And, as an incidental lure, the Nice Opera put on special performances at a nearby outdoor arena.

The Nice faculty speaks for itself. The string department alone lists such names as Loewenguth, Pasquier, Navarra, Benedetti, and Odnoposoff (Ricardo). Among the pianists in residence are Jean-Marie Darré and Magda Tagliaferro. Also on hand are dancer-choreographer Serge Lifar; conductors Hans Swarowsky, Jacques Pernoo, and Louis Fourestier; flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal; guitarists Ida Presti and Alexander Lagoya; composer-pianist Alexander Tcherepnin; and organist Pierre Cochereau of Notre Dame.

The value of such artists was amply demonstrated last month at one of the frequent cloister serenades. The all-faculty chamber orchestra proved itself of extraordinary caliber by any festival standard. And the programming was more imaginative than that of most better-publicized ventures.

The concert opened with Oubradous's stylish edition of a suite from Rameau's "Les Indes galantes." Next came the only standard item of the evening, Bach's E major Violin Concerto, played by Odnoposoff. For contrast, there was the D major Symphony of J. C. Bach, whose Mozart-like freshness came as a revelation. Tcherepnin's tight-knit and witty Concerto da Camera (1924) reminded one of this composer's unwarranted neglect in certain quarters. The only weak link, and even this an unhackneyed one, turned out to be a new concerto for trumpet and piano by P. P. Bauzin. Monsieur Bauzin, who won the *Académie's* composition award last summer, disclosed more fidelity to Ravel and Gershwin than individuality.

IT IS hardly surprising that the *Académie*, now in its fourth summer, attracts as many as 450 students from thirty-two different nations (twenty from the United States). The size and widespread geographical representation of the student body is perhaps best explained by the unusual administrative policy. Fees are ridiculously low by any standard (courses range from $20 to $60, and board and room cost approximately $3 a day). There are no entrance requirements and no final exams, though the superior students are asked to give public recitals at the end of the six-week session.

One questions only the wisdom of the no-entrance-requirement rule. It is disconcerting to observe Magda Tagliaferro wasting her time trying to convey subtleties of Beethoven interpretation to a student not equipped to grasp them. It is frustrating to watch Hans Swarowsky spend an entire session teaching neophyte conductors to beat "4" in the "Zauberflöte" overture. Oubradous contends that there are merits in so democratic a system, that the beginners are eventually separated from the near-professionals.

There can be little doubt that students at any stage of development can benefit from working with famous musicians, just as they can learn immeasurably from listening to them perform. Whether the teachers are being used to optimum effect, however, is another matter. —MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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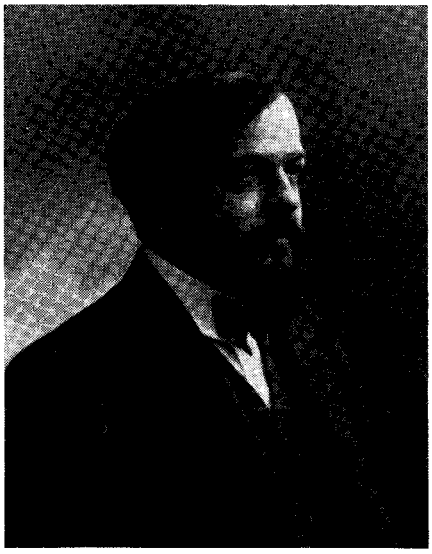
DEBUSSY ON DISC: 1912—1962

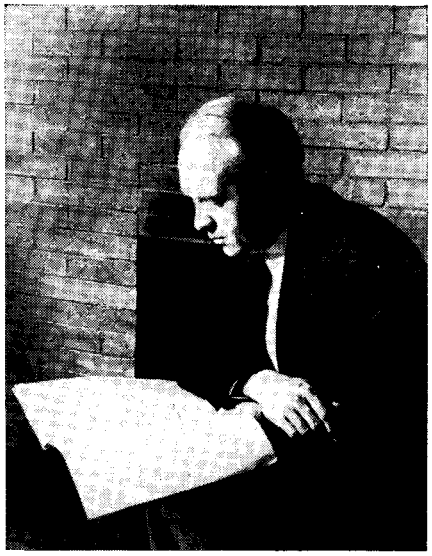
By JAN HOLCMAN

DEBUSSY'S centenary coincides with the fiftieth anniversary of the earliest recordings of his piano music. Few discophiles are aware of the imposing proportions reached by his total keyboard discography. It covers seventy-seven works, and dates back to c.1912, when the composer himself was very much alive. Five decades of "Debussy on disc" have given birth to no less than 1,200 readings, by 100-odd pianists, with some 700 performances on 78-rpm records. Certain popular pieces, like "Clair de lune," have lured more than thirty performers to the grooves, including some so little known that they have apparently recorded nothing else by this composer.

Probably the earliest Debussy piano recording originated in the United States, a 1911 Victor by C. G. Spross; Grunfeld recorded Debussy on his last disc in 1912, which the inspired Impressionist might have played for his own amusement. We also have several works recorded by the pioneering admirer Ricardo Viñes of Spain, to whom Debussy dedicated his "Poissons d'Or"; and some selections by Wurmser of France, who introduced "Danse" to the public, are not without merit. Two distinguished early French pianists, Planté, who often played for the composer, and Pugno, who performed *with* him, did not record his works at all. However, their heirs, Cortot, Casadesus, Ericourt, Schmitz (who knew the composer), Weill, and the devoted Debussyean Gaillard, made voluminous additions to the discography. Debussy was sporadically recorded by such sublime virtuosos of the past as d'Albert, Paderewski, Rosenthal, Godowsky, Rachmaninoff, and even (privately) the un-Debussyean Hofmann. Among intensively recorded pianists who were less fascinated by the Frenchman are Backhaus, Petri, Friedman, de Pachmann, and Schnabel, none of them leaving a single Debussy sample in their recorded output.



Debussy—"eleven musical self-portraits."



Casadesus—"voluminous additions."

Gieseking—"still the most noted exponent of these works."

In the United States, Debussy was first made widely known by George Copeland, who also knew the composer personally. Nevertheless, the most noted exponent of these works is still the German Walter Gieseking, who recorded all of Debussy, many pieces on two and three occasions. Finally, the composer himself, who lived long enough to record on shellacs, left at least eleven musical self-portraits on piano rolls, now available on LP. These roll readings, in spite of mechanical inadequacies, have a definite historical interest, all the more so for the unfortunate fact that Debussy did not leave any solo readings on disc, but only accompaniments for Mary Garden on four French G&Ts of 1904.

Using my personal collection, I was able to make a comparative analysis of over 600 readings. Selections were not necessarily made on the basis of the artist's faithfulness to the printed page, but on the general impression of a given performance as sensed by this listener. Those who are interested only in strict adherence to Debussy's original markings had better, in the first place, dismiss his own performances. To be sure, the hierarchical order for the list—where several readings of the same piece are recommended for the sake of contrasting virtues—is not any more arbitrary than the interpretations themselves.

It should be understood that early attempts at putting Debussy on disc gravitated mainly toward scratchy "Cake-walks" and "Un-clear de lunes"; the antiquated acoustics achieved rather questionably the essential task of capturing Debussy's color, and therefore a certain imagination is needed to do them justice.

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Title	*Artist*	*Versions Examined*
eux Arabesques	Iturbi: *Vic. 18237 (No. 1),* LM 1967 (No. 2) Gieseking: *Decca 25118, Col. 17145 D,* Angel 35026 Gaillard: *Odeon 166084* (No. 1) Bowen: *Eng. Vocalion K 05214** (No. 2)	21
Ballade	Gieseking: Angel 35026 Gaillard: *Decca 20092*	3
Berceuse héroïque	Gieseking: Angel 35026 Ericourt: Kapp KCL 9061 (S-9061)	2
Children's Corner		
1. Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum	Rachmaninoff: *Vic. 813** Gieseking: *Col. 68962 D,* Angel 35067, Col. ML 4539 Casadesus: Col. ML 4366 Debussy: Col. ML 4291	13
2. Jimbo's Lullaby	Gieseking: Col. ML 4539	12
3. Serenade for the Doll	Gieseking: Col. ML 4539 Horowitz: *Vic. 12-0428*	12
4. The Snow Is Dancing	Gieseking: Col. ML 4539 Zak: Monitor MC 2039 Regules (Siena piano): ES 3003	11
5. The Little Shepherd	Gieseking: Col. ML 4539 Cortot: *Vic. 7148* Henkemans: Epic LC 3245	12
6. Golliwogg's Cake-walk	Rachmaninoff: *Vic. 813** Grunfeld: *Germ. HMV 45594* Gieseking: Angel 35067 G. Casadesus: *Asch. DM 103-4*	18
Danse	Gieseking: Angel 35026 Haas: Epic LC 3733 (BC 1100)	5
Danse bohémienne	unconvincing	1
Danse de la poupée	unconvincing	1
D'un cahier d'esquisses	Gieseking: Angel 35250	2
Estampes		
1. Pagodes	Gieseking: *Col. 69841-D* Casadesus: Col. ML 4979 Henkemans: Epic LC 3245	11
2. Soirée dans Grenade	Gieseking: *Col. 68575-D* Casadesus: Col. ML 4979 Rubinstein: *Vic. 11-8773* Viñes: *Jap. Col. J-7747* Copeland: *Vic. 7963*	15
3. Jardins sous la pluie	Haas: Epic LC 3733 (BC 1100) Gieseking: *Col. LC 29* Arrau: Col. ML 4786	18
Etudes		
Nos. 1, 2, 5, 8, 9	Gieseking: Angel 35250 Rosen, Chas.: REB 6	35
No. 3	Gieseking: as above Blancard: *Decca LY 6094*	
Nos. 4, 10, 12	Gieseking: as above	
No. 6	Gieseking: as above Berman: Artia MK 1577	
No. 7	[Rosen: as above]	
No. 11	Gilels: *USSR* Gieseking: as above	
Hommage à Haydn	Gieseking: Angel 35026	1
Images, book I		
No. 1 Reflets dans l'eau	Browning: Cap. P 8464 (SP 8464) Haas: Epic LC 3733 (BC 1100) Gieseking: Angel 35065 Paderewski: *Vic. 6538** Gaillard: *Fr. Odeon 171071*	23
No. 2 Hommage à Rameau	Gieseking: Col. ML 4773 Rubinstein: *Vic. 11-8774* Gieseking: Angel 35065	9
No. 3 Mouvement	Gieseking: Col. ML 4773, Angel 35065 Richter: Col. M2L 274	9
Images, book II		
No. 1 Cloches à travers	Gieseking: *Col. 17218-D,* Angel 35065 Richter: private Casadesus: Col. ML 4979	8
No. 2 Et la lune descend	Gieseking: Col. ML 4773, Angel 35065 Casadesus: Col. ML 4979 Ericourt: Kapp KCL 9061 (S 9061)	6
No. 3 Poissons d'or	Gieseking: Angel 35065, *Col. 69020-D* Viñes: *Col. LF 41* Rubinstein: *Vic. 11-8775* Arrau: Col. ML 2162 Hess: *Col. 9062 M*	12
L'Isle joyeuse	Gieseking: *Col. 69841-D,* Angel 35026 Casadesus: Col. ML 4979	6
Mazurka	Gieseking: Angel 35026 Gaillard: *Odeon 171102*	2
Masques	Gieseking: Angel 35026	4
Nocturne	Gieseking: Angel 35026 Haas: Epic LC 3733 (BC 1100)	5
Le Petit Nègre	Gieseking: Angel 35026	1
La plus que lente	Gieseking: *Brunswick 50104,* Angel 35026 Rubinstein: *Vic. 11-8775*	7
Pour le Piano		
1. Prelude	Gieseking: Angel 35065 Gaillard: *Odeon 171081*	7
2. Sarabande	Gieseking: Angel 35065	3
3. Toccata	Arrau: Col. ML 4786 Moiseiwitsch: *HMV C-2487*	8
Préludes, book I		
No. 1 Danseuses de Delphes	Gieseking: Angel 35066, Col. ML 4537 Harms: Boston 305 (1010) Debussy: Telefunken TH 97009 Entremont: Col. ML 5614 (MS 6214)	13
No. 2 Voiles	Gieseking: *Col. LC 24* Copeland: *Vic. 14904* Harms: Boston 305 (1010) Paderewski: *Vic. 1531* Richter: D.G. 18766 (138766)	13
No. 3 Le Vent dans la plaine	Gieseking: *Col. LC 25,* Angel 35066 Paderewski: *Vic. 1499* Richter: DG 18766 (138766) Debussy: Col. ML 4291 Cortot: *Vic. 7148*	14
No. 4 Les Sons et les parfums	Gieseking: Col. ML 4537 Harms: Boston 305 (1010) Barbour: *NGS 128*	11
No. 5 Les Collines d'Anacapri	Gieseking: Angel 35066 Richter: DG 18766 (138766) Novaes: Vox PL 10180 Ciampi: *Fr. Col. D 13075* Ericourt: Kapp KDX 6501 (6501-S)	13
No. 6 Des pas sur la neige	Gieseking: Col. ML 4537, Angel 35066 Novaes: Vox PL 10180 Richter: private Ericourt: Kapp KDX 6501 (6501-S)	10
No. 7 Ce qu'a vu le vent d'ouest	Gieseking: *Col. LC 27,* Angel 35066 Casadesus: Col. ML 4977	10
No. 8 La Fille aux cheveux de lin	Gieseking: *Col. LC 27,* Angel 35066 Cortot: *Vic. 7148*	17
No. 9 La Sérénade interrompue	Gieseking *Col. LC 28* Novaes: Vox PL 10180 Ciampi: *Col. D-13075*	11
No. 10 La Cathédrale engloutie	Gieseking: *Col. LB 30* Novaes: Vox PL 10180 Harms: Boston 305 (1010) J. Casadesus: RCA LM 2415 (LSC 2415) Debussy: Tel. TH 97009 Zaremba: Real 93L 102 (S 93L 102) Regules: (Siena piano) Es 3003	21
No. 11 Danse de Puck	Gieseking: *Col. LC 28* Debussy: Col. ML 4291 Wurmser: *Fr. HMV P-833* Cortot: *HMV DB 1593*	14
No. 12 Minstrels	Paderewski: Camden CAL 310 Gieseking: *Col. LC 29,* Angel 35066, Col. ML 4537 Godowsky: *Brunswick 15105*	14
Préludes, book II		
No. 1 Brouillards	Gieseking: Col. ML 4538	7
No. 2 Feuilles mortes	Gieseking: as above Schmitz: *Vic. 10-1317* K. Long: *Decca K. 1052*	7
No. 3 La Puerta del vino	Gieseking: Col. ML 4538 Copeland: *Vic. 14904* Gieseking: Angel 35249 Casadesus: Col. ML 4019 Gaillard: *Odeon 166232*	11
No. 4 Les Fées sont d'exquises	Gieseking: Angel 35249, *Col. MM 382-4* Schmitz: *Vic. 10-1318*	6
No. 5 Bruyères	Gieseking: Col. ML 4538, Angel 35249 Wurmser: *Fr. HMV P 833* Casadesus: *Col. M 644-5*	10
No. 6 General Lavine, Eccentric	Gieseking: *Col. M 382-6* Gaillard: *Odeon 166262*	9
No. 7 Terrasses des audiences	Gieseking: Col. ML 4538 Copeland: *Vic. 7962*	9
No. 8 Ondine	Gieseking: Angel 35249 Rubinstein: RCA LM 9008 Copeland: *Vic. 1643*	10
No. 9 Hommage à S. Pickwick	Gieseking: Angel 35249 Ericourt: Kapp KDX 6501 (6501-S)	6
No. 10 Canope	Gieseking: Col. ML 4538 Copeland: *Vic. 1643* Casadesus: Col. ML 4978	8
No. 11 Tierces alternées	Gieseking: *Col. MM 382-11,* Angel 35249 Casadesus: Col. ML 4978	6
No. 12 Feux d'artifice	Gieseking: Angel 35249 K. Long: *Decca K 1056*	10
Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune	Copeland (his arr.): *Vic. 7964*	2
Rêverie	Gieseking: Angel 35026 Haas: Epic LC 3733 (BC 1100) Bauer: *Schirmer 2001*	6
Suite bergamasque		
1. Prélude	Gieseking: *Col. 68033-D* Gaillard: *Decca 25021* Fleisher: Epic LC 3554	8
2. Menuet	Schmitz: *Vic. 11-8694* Gieseking: Col. ML 4539	8
3. Clair de lune	Gieseking: as above Pennario: Cap. P 8312 (SP 8312) Haas: Epic LC 3733 (BC 1100) Gaillard: *Decca 25021*	22
4. Passepied	Gieseking: Col. ML 4539, Angel 35067 Firkusny: Cap. P 8350	7
Valse romantique	[Gieseking: Angel 35026]	1

* *Indicates acoustic disc*
Italics indicate 78 rpm
Stereo numbers in parenthesis

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Recordings in Review

The Art of Smirnoff

MOUSSORGSKY: *Monastery Scene and Duet with Marina ("Boris"), "Porquoi mon triste coeur" ("Fair at Sorotchinsk");* RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF; *"Song of India" ("Sadko"); Song of the Volga Boatmen;* ROSSINI: *"Se il mio nome" ("Il Barbiere");* DONIZETTI: *"Spirito gentil" ("La Favorita"), "Una furtiva lagrima" ("L'Elisir d'amore");* MASCAGNI: *"Apri la tua finestra" ("Iris");* PUCCINI: *"Che gelida manina" ("La Bohème");* MASSENET: *"O dolce incanto," "Io son sol" ("Manon"). Dimitri Smirnoff, tenor.* Rococo Records (Toronto, Can.) R 33, $5.95.

When Russian tenors are mentioned, the first words that follow are usually "white" and "constricted." And when the discussion goes from the general to the specific, the name that customarily follows is Dimitri Smirnoff's. But those to whom both aspects of the subject are new will find that there is much more to it—providing, of course, the Russian tenor is Smirnoff himself.

Moscow-born in 1882, Smirnoff is as Russian as a Russian tenor could be—he trained in a choir school and eventually qualified for the Bolshoi Opera. And what he does, by way of stylistic excellence in the side devoted to material of his native land is, as is to be expected, superior—free flowing, beautifully polished, almost totally without the strain that is heard from tenors of other backgrounds who undertake such a role as the false Dimitri.

But the true revelation may be found on Side Two, with its miscellany of material (all, however, sung in Italian). With the exception of an optional run in the Rossini or an interpolated note in the "Manon" excerpts, this is all remarkably pure singing, as satisfying as it is exact. There are, surely, few better performances to be found of "Spirito gentil" than Smirnoff's, and his "Che gelida manina" reminds us there was a time when a lyric tenor was considered the proper voice for Rodolfo, as were other manners of performance than the B and B (Belt and Blast) school. A pretty much unalloyed delight, and clearer in sound than might be anticipated.

Hoffnung Minus One

ARNOLD: *Leonora Overture No. 4, Duet from "The Barber of Darmstadt," etc.* Angel 35828, $4.98.

Those who have become addicted to the Hoffnung Musical Festivals of the late Fifties may agree, philosophically, with the concept that there is no indispensable man. But there are, surely, some who are much less dispensable than others, and when it comes to humor in music, the late Gerard Hoffnung must surely head the list. In all the Music Minus One issues, provision exists for the listener to replace what is absent. But when, in Hoffnung Minus One, the missing one is Hoffnung, there is no known recourse.

Not that the sundry items in "The Hoffnung Astronautical Music Festival 1961" are lacking in funny stuff. But, as the laughter of the audience suggests, as much of it has to do with how something is being done as with what is being done. Thus, the opening spoof of Beethoven's "Leonore No. 3" has some amusing interpolations and extrapolations of the printed page, but I doubt that Hoffnung would have let it go on so long.

Quite the funniest bit, because the humor is musical rather than visual, is the duet from the fictive "Barber of Darmstadt." Those who associate Darmstadt with some of the more extreme eccentricities in contemporary writing will not be disappointed by what they are offered here. It has a point both sharp and barbed which goes straight to the mark at which it is aimed. And what would you expect from an English "Horrortorio" but a tale of Dracula à la Handel? The trouble is—that's just what you get. The long list of performers (Sir William Walton, Owen Brannigan, April Cantelo, Humphrey Searles, Norman Del Mar, among others) defies close attribution for lack of such credits in the liner.

Angel of the Renaissance

CORNAGO: *"Gentil dama, non se gana";* ENRIQUE: *"Mi querer tanto vos quiere";* DEL ENCINA: *"Ay triste que vengo";* GABRIEL: *"No soy yo quién la descubre";* MILAN: *"Aquel caballero, madre";* FUENLLANA: *"Duélete de mí, Señora," "De Antequera salió el Moro," "De los álamos vengo, madre";* DAZA: *"Enfermo estaba Antioco," "Dama acogida en tu hato";* VASQUEZ: *"Morenica, dame un beso";* VALDERRABANO: *"Señora, si te olvidare," "De dónde venís, amore"; and* ANONYMOUS: *"Una matica de ruda," "Una hija tiene el rey," "Si la noche se hace oscura," "Pastorcico non te aduermas," and "Pase el agua, Julieta." Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, with the Ars Musicae.* Angel S 35888, $5.98.

When a comprehensive account of the career of Victoria de los Angeles is written, it may be considered remarkable not how well she sang these and other songs for one who devoted herself so much to opera, but rather, how well she sang opera, considering her primary disposition to such music as this. For with all the quality of the stage work she has done in Puccini, Mozart, Massenet, and Wagner, the Spanish soprano could not be described as unparalleled in any part of that repertory, as she is in this one.

Here there is no sense of straining for an effect, of adapting to an idiom alien to her, however slightly, or to a language in which she does not have complete freedom. All is ease, identity, command, with no overt technical display, though the highly developed skills which enable her to do her better-known work are certainly assets which show themselves in the quality of these results.

As for the material itself: it ranges from devout to plaintive, reflecting the kinds of music practiced at the courts in the fifteenth century. Whether known or anonymous, the composers combine refinement with eloquence, and considerable strength with their elegance. Mixed in with the authentic Spanish elements are Sephardic and other Eastern colorations which contribute to interest and variety. Finally, the quality of the whole would have been inconceivable without the reconstruction of José M. Lamaña from the original manuscripts, and the performance, under his direction, of an ensemble of viols, fiddles, recorders, and lute.

The Victor Stock Company

VERDI: *"Di quella pira" ("Il Trovatore"), "La donna è mobile" ("Rigoletto"), "Celeste Aida" ("Aida");* DONIZETTI: *"Una furtiva lagrima" ("L'Elisir d'amore");* LEONCAVALLO: *"Vesti la giubba" ("Pagliacci");* MASSENET: *"O souverain, ô juge, ô père" ("Le Cid");* HALEVY: *"Rachel! quand du Seigneur" ("La Juive");* TOSTI: *"Luna d'estate." Enrico Caruso, tenor.* MOZART: *"Il mio tesoro" ("Don Giovanni");* BIZET: *"Mi par d'udir ancora" ("Pearl Fishers");* MASSENET: *"Il sogno" ("Manon");* MEHUL: *"Champs paternels" ("Joseph");* MACMURROUGH: *"Macushla";* BALL: *"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling";* OLCOTT-BALL: *"Mother Machree";* GLOVER: *"The Rose of Tralee." John McCormack, tenor.* SPONTINI: *"Tu che invoco" ("La Vestale");* PONCHIELLI:

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"Suicidio!" ("La Gioconda"); VERDI: *"O Patria mia ("Aida");* BELLINI: *"Casta diva," "Mira, O Norma" ("Norma"). Rosa Ponselle, soprano.* DONIZETTI: *"Tombe degl'avi miei" ("Lucia di Lammermoor");* VERDI: *"De' miei bollenti spiriti" ("La Traviata");* PUCCINI: *"Donna non vidi mai" ("Manon Lescaut"), "Recondita armonia" ("Tosca");* DENZA: *"Occhi turchini";* SANDOVAL-ALBENIZ: *"Quisiera olvidar tus ojos";* SANDOVAL: *"Eres tú";* DI CAPUA: *"Maria, Mari'." Beniamino Gigli, tenor.* MEYERBEER: *"Ombra leggiera" ("Dinorah");* BELLINI: *"Son vergin vezzosa" ("I Puritani");* DONIZETTI: *"Quel guardo, il cavaliere" ("Don Pasquale"); "Ah, fors' è lui," "Sempre libera" ("La Traviata");* MOORE: *"The Last Rose of Summer";* BISHOP: *"Lo, Here the Gentle Lark." Amelita Galli-Curci, soprano.* GOUNOD: *"Le roi de Thulé" ("Faust");* WAGNER: *"Traft ihr das Schiff" ("Flying Dutchman");* VERDI: *"Morrò, ma prima in grazia" ("Masked Ball"), "Salce, salce" ("Otello");* SUPPÉ: *"Hab' ich nur deine Liebe" ("Boccaccio");* STRAUSS: *"Czardas" ("Die Fledermaus"). Elisabeth Rethberg, soprano.* VERDI: *"Eri tu" ("Masked Ball"), "Credo in un Dio crudel" ("Otello");* GOUNOD: *"Avant de quitter ces lieux" ("Faust");* ROSSINI: *"Largo al factotum" ("Barber of Seville");* BIZET: *Toreador Song ("Carmen");* GRUENBERG: *"Standin' in the Need of Prayer" ("Emperor Jones"). Lawrence Tibbett, baritone.* MOZART: *"Non più andrai" ("Marriage of Figaro"), "Finch' han dal vino" ("Don Giovanni"), "Possenti numi" ("Magic Flute");* BELLINI: *"Ah! del tebro" ("Norma");* VERDI:

(*Continued on page* 46)

Cossotto—"tone and touch are just right."

A Regal "Don Carlos"

FOR A rarity, a record company seeking to improve on the best of recent quality performances in a specific work of the repertory has sought out the best of that quality and combined it with elements as good or better than those with which it was formerly associated. That happy condition is represented in the new Deutsche Grammophon "Don Carlos" which begins, like its HMV-RCA (later Capitol) predecessor of the mid-Fifties, with Boris Christoff as King Philip, Antonietta Stella as Elisabetta, and Gabriele Santini as conductor. And in replacing Mario Filippeschi with Flaviano Labò, Elena Nicolai with Fiorenza Cossotto, and Tito Gobbi with Ettore Bastianini (as Posa), it has only in the last instance traded disadvantageously—and Bastianini has some virtues that Gobbi lacks, if not quite his power of characterization.

But what this "Don Carlos" does have, as a whole, is just that element of characterization, thanks, in the beginning, to Santini's sculptural conducting—firm, strong-lined and unflinching in its adherence to the statement of the score. He is not the kind of flamboyant mediocrity who leaps to the fore when the orchestra is playing alone and retires into his comfortable cubicle when the singers come into sight, nor is he a "personality" who believes the orchestra should be dominant whether the composer had such a view or not. He is staunchly straightforward in his concentration on doing justice to all elements, as they exist in the printed evidence before him.

Of course, in the case of "Don Carlos" that evidence can be a variable text. The allusions to this recording as "complete" had led one to anticipate that rarest of documents, an authentic replica of the original 1867 performance at the Paris Opera. This, alas, is not that. But it is not, on the other hand, the abbreviated version Verdi made somewhat later (1884), which remains the current Metropolitan preference. Mostly it is the final one of 1887 in which many of the post-Paris changes are retained but the Fontainebleau scene of the original is restored as the first music to be heard. If this is truly Verdi's final thought, we can only applaud his judgment that the opening scene should be restored (though some other alterations are, in this recording, puzzling). It is not only important to the understanding of the later relations of Carlos and Elisabetta, but full of germinal elements of the score to come.

These relate not only to Elisabetta and Carlos, but also to King Philip. And in the person of Boris Christoff, he attains the overshadowing place on the scene that he should have and does not always possess. It may seem odd to speak of "presence" and "scene" in relation to a recording, but those are exactly the qualities which Christoff imparts to his singing—the ability to depict, in sound alone, a tall, bearded, broad-shouldered man, dressed in black and gold and wearing a crown. I can't see him that clearly, of course, but Christoff almost persuades me that I can, from his first stern injection, "Perchè sola è la Regina?" ("Why is the queen alone?"), in the Cloister Scene, right through the interlocution with the Inquisitor and his stormy episode with Elisabetta. Perhaps through profitable association with such admirable exponents of the Italian language as Gobbi, Christoff has attained a finer command of subtleties in that language than before. This alone would serve to certify this version of Philip as superior to his previous one.

Taken together, it is difficult to imagine a better-sounding ensemble than the pliant-voiced Labò, the rich-toned Bastianini, the solidly assured Stella, and the vibrant young Cossotto. I wouldn't put the latter's "O don fatale" in the category yet of Fedora Barbieri's, but this is almost entirely for lack of the experience to realize the most from her fine voice. In Eboli's lighter "Canzone del velo" in the Cloister Scene, her tone and touch are just right. As for Labò and Bastianini, it is sufficient to say that they approach the class of Bjoerling and Gobbi at their best. Stella remains Stella, though, thanks to Santini, not quite so much so. Ivo Vinco, as the Grand Inquisitor, is a new name for most, but the voice should be heard more. It is ample, oily, and quite villainous in sound—than which there can be, for a basso, no more cherishable compliment. The sound is broad, finely detailed, and representative of the best the Scala has to offer.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto in D, Opus 61. Nathan Milstein, violin, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. Angel S 35783, $5.98.	To say that this is a perfectly beautiful performance is not quite the same as saying it is beautifully perfect. So far as Milstein himself is concerned, I would rate it a small but significant advance on his previous one with Steinberg—which then stood as his top achievement, on records or off. Since then (1955), we have become accustomed to performances of equally superior quality from Milstein, to which this one adds a degree of fire and brio quite its own. Nor does it lapse from the plane of high serenity (in the Larghetto) which made his previous performance outstanding. The jarring notes I have in mind are both figurative and literal: the first intrude through excessive impact in some of Leinsdorf's rhythmic emphasis in the first and last movements, the second through an extraordinary oversight on somebody's part to a wrong note in an exposed horn part in the first movement (measure 136). The otherwise splendid recording gives an almost perfect illusion of being in the spacious studio where the playing was done.
Brahms: Concerto in A minor, Opus 102. Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin, and Janos Starker, cello, with Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by Ferenc Fricsay. Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138753, $6.98.	Fricsay sets the mood for a strong propulsive performance with an opening statement that is expressive as well as energetic, and a large-scale treatment thereafter of the orchestral score. How this might fare in a concert hall with soloists Schneiderhan and Starker is at least debatable, but with the resourceful microphone aptly utilized, everything balances out equitably. Schneiderhan, in particular, profits from the tonal build-up, enabling him to make the most of his superior musicianship. As for Starker, he is a match for almost any recent performer in his instrumental category. The stereo recording is also highly satisfactory.
Charpentier: Concert pour quatre parties. Campra: "Les Fêtes vénitiennes." Mouret: "Les Festes de Thalie." Ensemble Instrumental André Colson de Tours. Vox STDL 500630, $4.98.	Artistry abounds in these performances by a group that has been perfecting its ensemble under the direction of André Colson for half a dozen years. However, there is too little differentiation—to my ear at least—in the writing of these seventeenth-century French composers to add to an attractive experience at two-side length. Most varied in content is the ballet suite of Jean Joseph Mouret, a contemporary of Rameau, whose rhythmic patterns and harmonic structure show greater development than the works of Charpentier or Campra.
Grieg: "Peer Gynt" Suites Nos. 1 and 2; "Lyric Suite." Vaclav Neumann conducting the Prague Symphony Orchestra. Parliament PLP 160, $1.98.	Whatever his origins, Neumann is a conductor without airs or affectations in this music, with a good sense of proportion and an admirable facility in detail. As the listing suggests, the "Song of Solveig" is entirely instrumental with the soprano part omitted. Nothing de luxe in performance or the reproduction of it, but also minus the distortions of overemphasis.
Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole; Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 3. Aaron Rosand, violin, with Tibor Szöke conducting the Southwest German Radio Orchestra, Baden-Baden. Vox STPL 11590, $4.98.	Regardless of what other literature he may perform, Rosand's return to works by French composers conveys an affinity lacking elsewhere. The suave tone, the polished execution, the graceful rhythmic accent provide a measure of distinction to his performances that few other performers of his age can match—and there are not many better of any age. He performs the Lalo in the customary four-movement sequence, omitting the intermezzo. Tibor Szöke may have other recordings to his credit, but I don't recall any that suggested the stylistic flair of this one. Good stereo sound.
Liszt: "Dante Symphony." Budapest Philharmonic, Margit Laszlo, soprano, and Budapest Radio Choirs, with György Lehel conducting. Westminster WST 14152, $5.98.	The largeness of Liszt's musical imagination and the boldness of imagery of which it was capable have few more acute measurements than this score of the 1850s. The extent to which it represents the epic work from which it takes its poetic basis may be a matter for dispute, but not the broad range of emotions, from turmoil to serenity, which Liszt comprehends in his tonal panorama. As much Straussian as Wagner, it projects a strong image of things to come, musically, in the later years of the century. Lehel measures well to the manifold challenges the work presents, but the orchestra and its reproduction hardly have the strength of sound or the sharp definition of color values desired.
Novak: "Slovak Suite." Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Vaclav Talich conducting. "In the Tatras." Karel Ancerl conducting the same orchestra. Supraphon LPV 211, $5.98.	Of these two works I prefer the simpler, more ingenuous Suite to the rather overblown projection professing to reflect the composer's love for mountain climbing in the Tatras of his native land. In the first, Novak is a lineal descendant of Smetana and Dvorak, though one whose musical language has been polished up by contact with Wagner. In the second, he is reaching for a scope of utterance a little beyond him, especially in the music attempting to depict a mountain storm. The quiet conclusion, however, is quite beautiful. Perhaps some of the attraction of the "Slovak Suite" derives from the superb performance under the late Talich, a favor to any composer. The direction of Ancerl is also enlivening, though he has less valid material at his disposal. Recording is mid-Fiftyish, not too strong in detail.
Schubert: Symphonies Nos. 5 and 6. Lorin Maazel conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138685, $6.98.	This is a clean, incisive performance, but there sounds to me to be a factor missing in the duality of orchestra and music, which is to say, a conductor of sufficient persuasive power to make the Berlin Philharmonic style blend better with the needs of Schubert. What I miss is real charm in the slow movement of No. 5 and geniality and sentiment in No. 6 (the Scherzo and Andante in particular). It is all competently turned-out work, but rather machine-made and inflexible. As for pulse, Maazel's beats consistently fast for Schubert, according to my reading of the relevent gauges.
Stravinsky: Concerto; Robertson: Concerto. Tossy Spivakovsky, violin, with the Utah Symphony Orchestra conducted by Maurice Abravanel. Vanguard SD 2116, $5.95.	The order of listing is in the sequence of the recording, and does not necessarily reflect any judgment of the qualities of the two works. Certainly Spivakovsky applies himself with equal devotion to both composers, and they profit in proportion to what their music has to offer. The values of the Stravinsky being well known, it remains to be said only that they are thoroughly realized by the soloist, who is well if not brilliantly served by the orchestra and conductor. Robertson's concerto (he has been head of the department of music at the University of Utah for a number of years) suggests that he has been, if not a student of Ernest Bloch, at least an admirer of some of his methods, which find an echo particularly in the first movement. However, his work has a strong profile of its own, due in part to allusion to material of Indian derivation.
Weber: "Der Freischütz" Overture; Wagner: "Der Fliegende Holländer" Overture and Prelude to "Lohengrin"; Nicolai: "Merry Wives of Windsor" Overture; Mendelssohn: "Fingal's Cave Overture." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel S 35950, $5.98.	To judge from these performances, Karajan is entering what might be called his Deliberate phase, in which all tempi are held back by a fraction (or more). This is not unwelcome in some aspects of the "Freischütz" overture or at the climax of the "Flying Dutchman," but it is definitely unwelcome in the Nicolai and Mendelssohn, which are hardly the kind of tonal "productions" Karajan chooses to make of them. The Berlin Philharmonic performs with its peculiar kind of spaciousness and breadth, and the recording follows suit. —Irving Kolodin.

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Piano Competitions

Continued from page 33

portion," according to the bill of particulars governing the choice of a Chopin etude to be played in the preliminary phase. In addition, he should be able to play repertory illustrative of his affinity with the bright clavier articulation of early classical players (Scarlatti), the pianistic prowess of the dynamic bravura player (Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Scriabin), and the atomic percussive impact of the contemporary dynamo-performer (Scherzo and Fugue of Barber's Opus 26 Sonata, first performed by Vladimir Horowitz). Included in the semifinal phase of the competition is a requirement for chamber music on the scope of Brahms's B major Trio or F minor Quintet, plus one of the four MacDowell sonatas, a compostion by a contemporary of the contestant's nationality, and a "large and importanat work of the nineteenth century." Finalists will match merits in terms of the Beethoven Concertos Nos. 3 or 4, the Prokofiev No. 3, or the Rachmaninoff Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini. Here they will have the assistance of the Fort Worth Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Milton Katims.

This is a tall order, with perhaps nplicit contradictions. Certainly the pianist who fills it will herald the emergence of a new cross-blended breed of pianist and the inception of a revolutionary and exciting era in keyboard virtuosity. But Fort Worth knows what it wants and is going after it by offering rewards beyond the monetary, which should make it a worth-while venture for any qualified performer here or abroad—a Carnegie Hall recital, engagements with orchestras, a contract for concert appearances in Latin America, Canada, and the United States under S. Hurok's banner, a concert in the Royal Festival Hall in England (with orchestra) under the sponsorship of Wilfrid Van Wyck, with a European tour to follow, and an engagement in Mexico City.

Thus to perpetuate past errors in the management of competitions whose demands and rewards were not so extraordinary would be a disservice to art and a corruption of Texas justice. Being energetic, new, and idealistic, the planning committee can hazard new roads to higher horizons, and perhaps, even to mistakes which will be honest and unconventional. It has, certainly, an pportunity to establish standards of procedure and quality which will make the Quadrennial Competition in Fort Worth as much a measure of the highest achievements in its field as the Olympics are in theirs.

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TEATRO ALLA SCALA
GIUSEPPE VERDI
DON CARLOS
Boris Christoff · Antonietta Stella · Flaviano Labò
Ettore Bastianini · Fiorenza Cossotto · Jvo Vinco
Orchestra e Coro del Teatro alla Scala
Maestro del Coro: Norberto Mola
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OTHER NEW RELEASES

BRAHMS: DOUBLE CONCERTO IN A MINOR, Op. 102. Wolfgang Schneiderhan, Violin; Janos Starker, Cello; Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra, Ferenc Fricsay, Conductor. LPM 18 753 stereo: SLPM 138 753

MOZART: REQUIEM, K. 626. Wilma Lipp, soprano; Hilde Rössl-Majdan, contralto; Walter Berry, bass; Anton Dermota, tenor; Vienna Singverein; Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan, Conductor. LPM 18 767 stereo: SLPM 138 767

BEETHOVEN: PIANO SONATAS. No. 15 in D major, Op. 28, "Pastoral;" No. 17 in D minor, Op. 31, #2, "Tempest;" No. 26 in E flat, Op. 81a, "Les Adieux;" Andor Foldes, Piano. LPM 18 784 stereo: SLPM 138 784

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN C MINOR, Op. 67. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Ferenc Fricsay, Conductor. LPM 18 813 stereo: SLPM 138 813

BACH/HANDEL/HAYDN/MENDELSSOHN: ORATORIO ARIAS. Maria Stader, Soprano; Munich Bach Orchestra, Karl Richter, Conductor.
LPEM 19 261 stereo: SLPEM 136 261

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Prelude and Fugue in E flat ("St. Anne"), Toccata and Fugue No. 8 in D minor ("Dorian"), Toccata in F (No. 3). Carl Weinrich, organ. RCA Victor LSC 2557, $5.98.	Should there be those for whom this repertory does not speak for itself, Carl Weinrich is abundantly qualified to speak for it, especially as he has the splendid organ of the General Theological Seminary as his instrument of intermediation. Built in 1958 under the supervision of Walter Holtkamp, it combines brilliance with flexibility in a way remarkably exhibited by Weinrich in the famous D minor Toccata. This, too, serves as both a challenge and an opportunity for the engineering abilities of Bernard Keville and for the musical resourcefulness of Peter Delheim. Together they have brought back a sounding replica of the instrument's solid low bass as well as of its vibrant treble. Weinrich's playing is what it has been for thirty years—tasteful, technically assured, and perhaps a little too objective for a work such as the Prelude to the "St. Anne" Fugue.
Beethoven: Quartets, Opera 59, 95, and 133 ("Grosse Fuge"). Loewenguth Quartet. Vox SVBX 543, $8.95.	Though it does not enjoy the prestige of some other better-advertised groups, Alfred Loewenguth and his associates are performers of high quality. As a leader, Loewenguth has few peers in marking the structural points of such a movement as the opening allegro of the F major (Opus 59, No. 1) or the fugal finale of the C major (Opus 59, No. 3). In addition to giving such a broad base of design to the quartet's performances, he is eminently able to provide it with a dynamic impulse that imparts vitality to the playing. Having said so much, we may add that the group is somewhat overmatched in the "Grosse Fuge," which asks for more sinew and muscle than this treatment of it provides. The program notes qualify for notice only because of such prose as that describing Beethoven's late quartets as the "fertilizing springs" of modern quartet writing.
Brahms: Sonatas Nos. 1 (in G) and 3 (in D minor). Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin, with Carl Seemann, piano. Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138696, $6.98.	Without the impulse of a strong supplementary personality (such as Ferenc Fricsay's in the performance of the Brahms "Double" discussed on page 38), Schneiderhan tends to be an efficient but rather stolid player. Seemann, for all his merits, does not provide that impulse, with the result that even in the more animated of the two works—the D minor—the changes of mood are apt to be on the surface, without penetration to the essence of the music. In the G major, placidity is more akin to stagnation, as the tiller of the music swings back and forth with no firm hand to direct it. Excellent balance and reproduction.
Chopin: Polonaise Fantaisie; (Opus 61); Mazurkas (Opus 50 No. 3, Opus 67, Nos. 2 and 4); Nocturnes (Opus 62, Nos. 1 and 2). Fou Ts'ong, piano. Parliament PLP 159, $1.98.	As the indoctrinated can observe, it is the special virtue of this collection by pianist Fou Ts'ong that most of the material is unhackneyed—although by the perverse logic (or merely ignorance) that prevails in some phonographic circles, the disc is labelled "Chopin Favorites," which implies exactly the opposite of the facts. This should not discourage those with a weakness either for Chopin or able piano playing, for Fou Ts'ong realizes to a remarkable degree the subtlety and refinement of the music Chopin was writing in this terminal period of his life. A prevailing complaint would be that Fou Ts'ong presently values content more than form, which, if there must be preference, is a desirable one. But much more desirable would be the proper dispersion of emphasis, proportion for proportion. Good piano reproduction.
Cimarosa: "Il maestro di cappella." Mozart: "Per questa bella mano" (K. 612), "Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo" (K. 584), "Così dunque tradisci" (K. 432), "Alcandro, lo confesso" (K. 512), "Un bacio di mano" (K. 541), "Mentre ti lascio, o figlia" (K. 513). Fernando Corena, with orchestra conducted by Argeo Quadri. London OS 25219, $5.98.	The broad experience in buffo performance that has accrued to Corena since his previous recording of the Cimarosa delight has sharpened his wit and pointed his ability to make its satiric purpose effective. However, his other abilities must have deteriorated sharply to account for the strained, off-pitch, awkward, and sometimes objectionable treatment of the bass arias. For one thing, Corena doesn't have the bottom to support Mozart's requirements; for another, his legato is much too uncertain for the line of "Mentre ti lascio," to mention only one. However, it is good to have a version as well sounding, orchestrally, as this one of "Un bacio di mano" in which (1788) Mozart anticipates the closing theme of the first movement in the "Jupiter" (No. 41) Symphony.
Leoncavallo: "Vesti la giubba" ("Pagliacci") and eleven other excerpts. Beniamino Gigli, tenor. Angel COLH 118, $5.98.	Anyone who gathered the impression, from various exposures over a period of time, that the late Beniamino Gigli often exploited his great gifts in a tasteless and self-indulgent way will find a dozen reasons to support those impressions here. This accounts for every one of the excerpts, whether "La donna è mobile," "E lucevan le stelle," or the equivalents from "Bohème," "L'Elisir d'amore," "Manon," or even "Faust," "Aida," and "Carmen" (all in Italian). The question is raised: what price "Great Recordings of the Century"? These only occasionally qualify vocally, and as aria renditions they abuse every canon of taste, judgment, and musicianship. If HMV wants to make money out of its investment in Gigli's "Ombra mai fu" or the "Agnus Dei" made out of the entr'acte from Bizet's "L'Arlésienne," very well—but why equate it with true examples of timeless artistry, such as those of Elisabeth Schumann, John McCormack, or Conchita Supervia?
Mozart: Quartets (in D, K. 285; G, K. 285a; C, K. 285b; and A, K. 298). Samuel Baron, flute, with members of the Fine Arts Quartet. Concert Disc CS 215, $4.98.	Here, for an exception, is a version of these ingratiating works in which the quartet truly plays like one, rather than as three strings accompanying a soloist. The results are truly invigorating, especially as Baron is an exponent of his instrument qualified for comparison with the best—clear, free tone, immaculate intonation, choice phrasing. And his associates—Leonard Sorkin, violin; Irving Ilmer, viola; and George Sopkin, cello—are technically adroit and musically disposed to his own views. Of particular note is the finale of K. 285, which is the variations movement from which Mozart elaborated the penultimate movement of the great K. 361 Serenade. Its present form is perhaps not quite as great, which puts it, nevertheless, in a special category of its own.
Mozart: Requiem. Maria Stader, soprano; Hertha Töpper, alto; John Van Kesteren, tenor; and Karl-Christian Kohn, bass, with the Munich Bach-Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Karl Richter. Telefunken TCS 18052, $2.98.	Up to the entrance of basso Kohn to sing "Tuba Mirum," this performance plods on and on with little enlivening impulse. He makes a virtuoso show of that episode, and of all his other opportunities, for his is a voice of power as well as distinctive timbre. And, of course, Stader is outstanding both in her solo and ensemble efforts. However, the identification of Richter with the Bach-chorus and Orchestra tends to characterize the performance more than was intended. The results are too impersonal and static for what seems to me proper justice to the composer. Very good stereo sound, with or without regard for the price category of the recording.
Pepusch: "The Beggar's Opera." Dennis Noble, M. Lipton, C. Prietto, etc., with orchestra and chorus conducted by Richard Austin. London A 4245, $9.96.	The combination of names and label may suggest a welcome enterprise on the part of London to reunite the performers of a choice version of this delightful work that has been in existence for the better part of a decade. But for better or worse—depending on the point of view—this *is* the same version recorded in England by Argo and previously circulated in this country on the Westminster label. It is still a choice combination of elements, not only in its fine singing cast headed by the redoubtable Dennis Noble, but also in the performers of the spoken text who make a much better blend with their opposite numbers than is commonly the case. —I.K.

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Gillespie in Concert

BY THE mid-Twenties jazz music was being recorded more or less regularly, and if those who heard the legendary figures of the past insist that the records by King Oliver or Bix Beiderbecke or Fletcher Henderson are a shadow of the reality, at least the records are there and in some quantity. A more recent legendary event, the appearance of Charlie Parker-Dizzy Gillespie quintets in the early Forties, is now as much a part of the established jazz tradition as Oliver's Creole Band, but their music hardly got recorded at all.

In 1945, a small company, hastily formed as Petrillo lifted a ban on record making by AFM musicians, was willing to do six instrumentals of the then new music. Only five of these are now available (on Savoy 12020), and three of the five have an overloaded and inappropriate rhythm accompaniment. Still, one can hear the sometimes intricate unison lines, beautifully executed by Gillespie's trumpet and Parker's alto, breathing musically as one. And the solos are still excitingly personal after all the years of honorable assimilation by Parker-Gillespie followers, and not-so-honorable imitation by others.

Otherwise, to hear Parker-Gillespie on records, we have to depend on later recreations. There is that searing 1947 concert, preserved on half of Roost LP 2234, with hazily recorded rhythmic backing, but with Parker in dazzling performance, playing as if he were out to get Gillespie, and the trumpeter responding as if he were just not going to be got. There is also a 1950 studio date on Verve MGV 8006. Parker, particularly, was in excellent form and produced some of his best-recorded work; Thelonious Monk was on piano; and the strange choice of drummer Buddy Rich cluttered things up from time to time.

Then, finally, a 1953 concert in Toronto did get recorded and now reappears on Fantasy 6003, "Jazz At Massey Hall." If a reunion of Parker (pseudonymously "Charlie Chan") and Gillespie is not enough, also present re Bud Powell and Max Roach, *the* pianist and drummer of the idiom—a truly illustrious gathering not otherwise represented on records.

True, the music is from a concert, just as it happened and without benefit of studio retakes or corrections. But that also gives it a directness and immediacy that studio recordings don't have. The occasion caught Parker only about a year before a musical deterioration overtook him, and it caught Gillespie as his style was going through an effective retrenchment and simplification.

There is evidence on some numbers of a backstage bickering which carried over into the music, but nevertheless, the players make it musical—and they sometimes make it humorous as well, as when Parker and Gillespie banter with the unison parts on "Salt Peanuts." Or when Parker, in the first solo on "All the Things You Are," an otherwise graceful virtuoso exploration, jokingly runs off one of Gillespie's favorite interpolations before the trumpeter even gets his turn at the piece. Later on "Peanuts," by the way, Roach has a nearly melodious drum solo. On "Wee," Gillespie fluffs a few notes (if it matters) and the breakneck tempo nearly gets the better of Powell, who had not played publicly for several months before this appearance.

Then there is "Hot House." The piece always inspired Parker to interesting things, and here he builds an intriguing structure, alternating a shimmering complexity of phrase with a subtle simplicity. And finally, "A Night in Tunisia," with everyone in very good form—a succinct demonstration of the integrated trinity of imagination that these men possessed in rhythm, melody, and harmony.

Also largely taken from the same concert is "The Bud Powell Trio" (Fantasy 6006). There are good Powell records available (Blue Note 1503, 1504 and Roost 2224); and there are poor ones, made at a time when Powell's rhythmic coordination was decidedly off. This LP is one of the good ones, and the best of it offers some of the best Powell we have. Several of the ballads on the LP are largely excursions in voicing and harmony, but pieces like "Cherokee," "Embraceable You," and "Jubilee" (actually "Hallelujah") show Powell's fleet, agile melodic invention, and they also show (should there be any doubters left by now) his soundly personal assimilation of his elders, particularly Teddy Wilson. Accompanist Max Roach has a marvelous contribution on "Cherokee." And bassist Charlie Mingus contributes so much that it is little wonder the rumor persists that he later rerecorded his part on these pieces, whether it is true or not.

The aforementioned "A Night in Tunisia" is the basis of "Tunisian Fantasy," a part of another concert recording done at Carnegie Hall last year by Dizzy Gillespie, who led a large orchestra of brass and percussion assembled for the occasion (Verve V/V6-8423). The "Fantasy" (which, incidentally, might have been better rehearsed in a couple of spots) is a set of variants on Gillespie's piece, one of them based on the main theme, one built around the interlude that introduces the soloists, etc.

It is the highest compliment to Gillespie's pianist Lalo Schiffrin, who wrote the "Fantasy," to say that the work is as generally unpretentious as many comparable jazz pieces are pretentious, that it is almost constantly interesting, and that it fulfills one of its main functions beautifully—it inspires the trumpeter to play with joyful variety and with the compellingly graceful bravura that is Gillespie at his best. Schiffrin is Brazilian and he can authentically handle the kind of Latin percussion that the trumpeter has always found propelling.

THE other selections on the LP are a mixed bag: a new version of Gillespie's "Manteca," this time done largely as a bounding exercise for the percussionists and with a tongue-in-cheek that its title (meaning *lard*) might call for; "Kush," featuring Schiffrin's episodic Latin piano; "This Is the Way," with Gillespie's altoist Leo Wright; and "Ool Ya Koo," with amiably theatrical scat singing by Gillespie and Joe Carroll—but never mind all that.

The "New Vibe Man in Town" on RCA Victor LPM/LSP 2420 is Gary Burton, an eighteen-year-old vibraphonist who has something of the rhythmic manner of Lionel Hampton, who knows his Milt Jackson, and who has enough facile technique on the instrument to go beyond most jazz vibraphonists and fill out his lines in the manner of the horn virtuosi. There are some really adroit moments, and Burton performs with engaging youthful aplomb.

There is also a certain glibness, signaled from the beginning on certain tracks by an inappropriately fast tempo. The delicate, dancing melody of "Joy Spring," for instance, seems almost silly when jogged along this way. It would not surprise me if in five years Burton were no longer a jazz musician, but he will surely be a fine vibraphonist.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Herman Chittison: "That's All." Chittison, piano. L'Elegant 1000, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Herman Chittison's firm left hand and the resolute beat of his right foot, both well recorded, give his performances an unusual rhythmic determination, but his right hand delights in a kind of luxuriant invention which often recalls no one so much as Art Tatum. Although such a full piano style has become rare today, its merits are very evident in this confident but unforced collection. The carefully contrived interplay with bass and drums, which makes so many trio records tedious, is certainly not missed.
"Jazz": Sarah Vaughan, Count Basie, Dinah Washington, Maynard Ferguson, Erroll Garner, Charlie Parker, Joe Williams, and others. Artia Parliament WGM-2AB (ten LPs), $12.95; stereo, $14.95.	This bargain box of selections from the Roulette and allied catalogues is weighted in favor of singers like Sarah Vaughan, Joe Williams, Billy Eckstine, and Dinah Washington, who among them occupy about four of the ten records. There are a dozen titles by Count Basie's orchestra, however, and many items of historical and musical interest which date as far back as 1944. Charlie Parker is to be heard with Miles Davis in 1947 and with Dizzy Gillespie in 1953; Stan Getz is heard with Horace Silver in 1950, and Duke Ellington with Louis Armstrong in 1961. There are three exquisite Garner performances from 1947, and just one by the late Art Tatum to beggar the notion of unceasing jazz progress.
Barney Kessel: "Let's Cook!" Kessel, guitar; Victor Feldman, vibes; Hampton Hawes, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; Jimmy Rowles (replacing Hawes on Side two), piano; Ben Webster, tenor; Frank Rosolino, trombone. Contemporary M 3603, $4.98.	The chord sequence of "Tiger Rag" wears well, and Ben Webster's solo on this ancient vehicle is unlikely to be topped soon for swing and smooth flow of invention. It is an exciting improvisation, admirable in its form and logical development. His solo in the succeeding "Jersey Bounce" is also good, but of a more declamatory character. These two numbers fill the entire second side, but neither seems too long. Rosolino is obviously inspired by Webster's example, and the rhythm section "cooks" warmly. In his consistency and taste, Jimmy Rowles is a kind of West Coast Tommy Flanagan. The first side is relatively unimportant, although Hampton Hawes frequently commands attention.
Big Miller: "Sings, Twists, Shouts, and Preaches." Accompanied by the big band of Bob Florence. Columbia CL 1808, $3.98; CS 8608, $4.98.	Big Miller has the necessary vocal equipment, but he seems to need guidance of a kind other than that received on this sad album. He shouts, screams, and squeaks, mostly at circus tempos, and in numbers like "Blues in the Night" is embarrassingly dramatic. Though he labors mightily, no real individuality comes across, the performances tending to resemble in their effect a series of wild impersonations.
Singleton Palmer: "Dixie by Gaslight." Palmer, tuba; William Martin, trumpet; Leon King, trombone; Norman Mason, clarinet; Thomas Perryman, piano; Elijah Shaw, drums. Norman NL 101, $4.98.	Singleton Palmer leads what Clark Terry once described as "the best Dixieland band in the country." At forty-seven, he is the youngest in this group of veterans, whose interesting backgrounds are we documented in the notes. Recorded at the Opera House, Gaslight Square, St. Louis, they show a joyful knowledge of the idiom. Martin and King are forceful soloists, and Mason plays attractively in the lower register, but Palmer's tuba work is the album's real *raison d'être*. It is extraordinarily flexible, at times as light and mobile as a string bass, at others lending a powerful, rugged thrust to the ensembles. The tuba has probably not been used to such rhythmic advantage on a jazz recording since John Kirby's day.
Nat Pierce: "Big Band at the Savoy Ballroom." Pierce, piano, arranger, leader; with band featuring Buck Clayton, trumpet. Victor LPM 2543, $3.98; LSP 2543, $4.98.	As a result of Victor's recent amnesty to jazz captives, this swinging album emerges after five years in the vaults. It reflects Nat Pierce's unfailing love of the big-band sound, and that of the earlier Basie band in particular. The group is one he led briefly at the Savoy Ballroom, and it is well above average in quality. The tempos are good, and there are excellent solos by Buck Clayton, Paul Quinichette, Dick Hafer, and the leader himself. An arrangement by Pierce and three by Clayton show their continuing ability to write freshly and easily in the original Basie vein.
Sonny Stitt: "Low Flame." Stitt, alto and tenor saxophones; Paul Weeden, guitar; Don Patterson, organ; Billy James, drums. Jazzland JLP 71, $4.98; stereo JLP 971, $5.98.	The facility with which Sonny Stitt switches from alto to tenor is responsible for a great deal of the variety this set has. It accounts not so much for a difference of sound as of feeling. His acquisition of a trio consisting of organ, guitar, and drums is also a contributory factor. The trio had been working as a unit previously, and given Stitt's ready adaptability, the result, not surprisingly, is a well-knit group. The organ is properly restrained, the snare-drum accentuations not overbearing, and the guitar valuable for solo contrasts. The saxophonist seems never at a loss for an idea and his solos are all expressed with vigor and drive.
Buddy Tate: "Groovin' with Buddy Tate," Tate, tenor saxophone, and clarinet; Ronnell Bright, piano; Wally Richardson, guitar; George Tucker, bass; Roy Brooks, drums. Swingville 2029, mono and stereo, $4.98.	Buddy Tate does what he wants to do superbly. The finest of the tenor players in the Herschel Evans line, he tells his musical stories with simplicity, much feeling, and considerable grace. This set also demonstrates, better than most, his versatility. On tenor, he always blows the blues with authority ("Boardwalk"), but he can also play a ballad prettily in a seductively breathy subtone ("East of the Sun"). On clarinet ("Lucky So-and-So"), his warmth and sincerity communicate just as surely. His accompanists are distinctly stolid as a section, but Richardson and Bright acquit themselves better as soloists.
Sol Yaged and Coleman Hawkins: "Jazz at the Metropole." Yaged, clarinet; Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Harry Sheppard, vibes; Claude Hopkins, piano; Roy Francis, bass; Paul Gusman, drums. Side Two: Yaged with Benny Morton, trombone; Nat Pierce, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass; Bert Dahlander, drums. Philips 200-022, $3.98; stereo 600-022, $4.98.	The real hero on this set is the engineer who largely triumphed over both customers and acoustics at the Metropole. It is readily apparent from Yaged's playing that, as the notes affirm, his "lifelong idol" has been Benny Goodman. The pianists play well—Claude Hopkins on the first side, Nat Pierce on the second—and Benny Morton, too seldom heard on records, takes relaxed, well-constructed solos and contributes handsomely to the ensembles. The major excitement, however, is provided by the incomparable Coleman Hawkins, who dominates the first side, particularly in a warmly inventive version of "I Can't Get Started." —Stanley Dance.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Qualms

THERE is a happy assumption on the part of most people who write about music that their readers have both patient and elastic ears. Patient ears are willing to submit themselves at some length to unfamiliar musical experiences, in the hope of discovering value, and elastic ears are capable sooner or later of finding delight in much music which began by being unfamiliar if not downright distasteful. The writers, as I say, presume this double equipment on the part of their clientele. But sometimes I am given to doubt. After many years of interest in musical responses, I find that many people who are strongly moved by certain phases of the musical art will be indifferent to, or will actually resist, a potential widening of their pleasures.

The fact is, of course, that one must live at length with any substantial music in order to learn what there is in it, the shape and nuance of its flow, the staying power of its expressiveness.

re the phonograph is a godsend to ...ose who cannot investigate the music as players. Yet, how many addicts of the quartets of Mozart will take the time to know those of Schoenberg? How many devotees of the Beethoven piano sonatas will really consider the brevities of Satie? How many admirers of the delicate flutes of the eighteenth century will give more than a patronizing smile—and little further attention—to the jazz flute of Frank Wess?

I am afraid that most readers of musical discourse read it for confirmation of their own aesthetic habit patterns, or for the joys of scorn, and that very few allegedly "musical" people are moved or willing to search for treasure houses outside the terrain in which they find themselves. I press on, however, and recommend certain modern jazz discs to those who already know the idiom, and to those with patient and elastic ears.

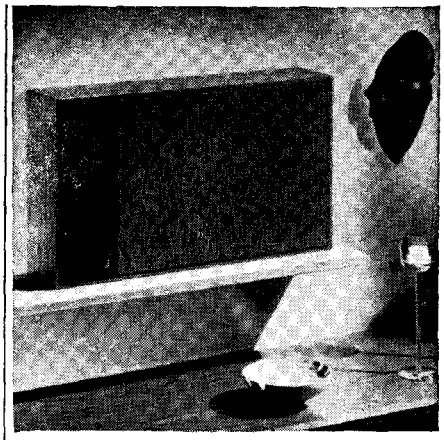
Of his pianist McCoy Tyner, the saxophonist John Coltrane says: "First, there is his melodic inventiveness, and along with that, the clarity of his ideas. He also gets a very personal *sound* from his instrument; and because of the ...sters he uses and the way he voices ...m, that sound is brighter than what would normally be expected from most of the chord patterns he plays. In addition, McCoy has an exceptionally well-developed sense of form, both as a soloist and an accompanist. Invariably, in our group, he will take a tune and build his own structure for it." All of this, general as it may be, should convey the sense of an artist who shapes his materials fastidiously, and that is what I find in Tyner's first trio LP, with Art Davis, bass, and Elvin Jones, drums (Impulse A-18, stereo, AS-18). There are four Tyner themes and two standards: "There Is No Greater Love" and "Speak Low." Tyner and Jones also appear with Jimmy Garrison, bass, in support of John Coltrane in another of that master's ardent, richly modal programs on the tenor and soprano saxophones (Impulse A-21, stereo, AS-21). Here my own favorite of five striking numbers is a meditation around Mal Waldron's lovely melody "Soul Eyes."

Another modern tenor saxophone, hard as to tone, firm and distinctive in invention, is Clifford Jordan, who offers a program consisting largely of his own themes, with Cedar Walton, pianist; Teddy Smith, bass; and J. C. Moses, drums (Jazzland JLP 69). In all three of these LPs there is music of vigor, sustained and subtle contour, and deft sympathy between the players.

RECENTLY in this space I gave one of my recurrent lectures on the virtues of the small as against the large jazz band. I could hardly have hoped for more eloquent backing than I now obtain from an LP by Count Basie and the Kansas City Seven (Impulse A-15, stereo, AS-15). This is seven-piece music by players from the big Basie band, including the leader at the piano and Thad Jones, trumpet; Frank Wess, flute; Eric Dixon, flute and tenor sax; Frank Foster, tenor sax; Freddie Green, guitar; Ed Jones, bass; and Sonny Payne, drums.

These men hark back to the Basie small-band records of the mid-Thirties, with such themes as "Lady Be Good" and "Shoe Shine Boy," and their music is so buoyant as to give new meaning to the term *soufflé*. There is simply no way to obtain this quality with the big-band formation of full brass and reed sections—although Basie himself and Duke Ellington have come close to it at times. Basie's piano is a glancing joy, Green's guitar the most elegant of pulsations, and Sonny Payne sounds like the Jo Jones of the Basie heyday. The "swing era" had its high refinements, mostly under the Basie baton, and they live again on this disc.

—WILDER HOBSON.



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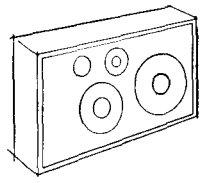

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THE OTHER SIDE

Festival Encores

LONDON.

THERE is an old saying, cherished in the more northerly counties, which asserts that "what Manchester thinks today, London thinks tomorrow." Current experience suggests an apt variant on this theme: "what visitors to the Edinburgh Festival have traveled many miles to hear this week, ordinary concertgoers can hear in London next week." Leading performers appearing at Edinburgh, whether soloists or orchestras, have often given concerts in London on their way home, but the eight-day musical feast which Russian artists will provide for us at the Festival Hall in mid-September is likely to be by-passed by many who will have heard them at the Scottish capital later this month.

There will be nine concerts in all, involving David Oistrakh, Rostropovich, Richter, the Borodin Quartet, and conductor Gennadi Rozhdestvensky; among the highlights are a recital featuring all five Beethoven Cello Sonatas, a chamber music evening by Richter and the Borodin Quartet, and the Philharmonia's performances of Shostakovich's Fourth Symphony and Prokofiev's No. 3, (both never before given in London).

Last month, too, London enjoyed a similar festival postscript when Rudolf Barshai and his Moscow Chamber Orchestra came to us straight from Bath. This is a brilliant ensemble of young string players, superbly trained, with a style that is deceptively easy and relaxed. Nonetheless I came away from the performance with mixed feelings, for their playing of Handel and Mozart struck me as quite superficial, though Barshai's brilliantly inventive transcription of Prokofiev's "Visions fugitives" had previously shown these performers at their superlative best.

For the record industry, as for schoolchildren, August is essentially a holiday month when we look ahead to the autumnal harvest. This year we may also speculate over the long-range implications of the recently announced tie-up between Philips and Siemens-Halske (parent company of Deutsche Grammophon), which appears to be a genuine partnership arrangement sealed by a substantial exchange of shares, not a "takeover." No doubt we may see some sharing of artistic personnel and an attempt to eliminate unnecessary overlapping of repertoire.

AFTER four years of stereo, the chamber-music lover's last hopes rest with DGG, a situation underlined by that company's recent issue of three discs by the Amadeus Quartet. These contained four Haydn Quartets and two Mozart Quintets (G minor and D major), only the stereo versions being released, because the mono discs had already appeared years earlier on HMV at a time when these players were under contract to both companies. Now the most distinguished of British-based chamber ensembles is confined to a German label!

Other DGG releases of the past few weeks have included a major part of the admirable new series of the Beethoven Concertos by Kempff and the Berlin Philharmonic under Leitner (only Nos. 2 and 4 remain to be issued) and, to coincide with the opening of this summer's Salzburg Festival, a pair of discs by the Camerata Academica of the Mozarteum. One of these features somewhat wooden performances of the Piano Concertos K. 453 and K. 467, played and directed by Geza Anda; the other, entitled "Eine Mozart-Matinee der Salzburger Festspiele," is conducted by Bernhard Paumgartner and includes the rarely heard Symphonies Nos. 26 and 30, as well as the Divertimento, K. 136, and two soprano arias sung by Rita Streich.

Two new Argo sets are of special interest to theatregoers. One of these, a single-disc discussion simply labeled "Talking about Theatre," is something of an oddity: what sounds almost like a genuine exchange of views between such well-known stage personalities as Noël Coward, Sybil Thorndike, Siobhan McKenna, Harold Pinter, Peter Hall, Kenneth Tynan, and others, is in actual fact a skilful piece of montage based on individual interviews.

Argo's two-disc set of "The Hollow Crown" was originally devised by John Barton as a divertissement for Sunday-night audiences at Stratford-on-Avon. As might be guessed from the title, its subject is the British Monarchy, from William the Conqueror to Victoria; the readings are culled from diverse sources, both factual and fanciful, and range from a potted history written by Jane Austen at the age of fifteen (she made no bones about her main purpose being the vilification of Elizabeth I!) the young Victoria's own account of [illegible] coronation. Both these items are delightfully read by Dorothy Tutin, and it was a charming idea to fade the latter gently into Beethoven's Variations on "God Save the Queen" by way of rounding off this far from rose-tinted view of England's royal past. Indeed, some of the readings contributed by Max Adrian, Richard Johnson, and John Barton are of quite devastating frankness and show such as Charles II and the Hanoverians in what is hardly a flattering light. All in all this is a fascinating and brilliantly devised entertainment.

This month, Solomon, that distinguished pianist whose concert career came to a sudden halt a few years ago, celebrates his sixtieth birthday. HMV has marked the occasion by releasing two discs made very shortly before his illness and previously withheld, one must assume, solely because of one or two slightly smudged passages which this meticulous artist had hoped to correct. The first of these mono-only recordings—featuring a pair of Schubert Sonatas—appeared earlier this summer; for August, on the other hand, we find Solomon on more familiar terrain, giving beautifully thoughtful and translucent performances of Beethoven's E flat Sonata, Opus 27, No. 1, and the glorious Opus 110 in A flat.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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LONDON RECORDS

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

SUGARLESS SCHUBERT

I AM IN TOTAL disagreement with your criticism of the Klemperer performances [*SR*, April 28]. Dr. Klemperer's rendition of Schubert's Ninth Symphony is, in this writer's humble opinion, far from being "without sentiment," but simply without mush, while the run-of-the-mill performance drips sugar.

When a masterpiece such as Dr. Klemperer's performance of the Beethoven Ninth is branded "stodgy," my blood boils. Anybody who has listened to it side by side with the Toscanini or Bernstein renditions never fails to notice its dignified and solid approach, coupled with that searching insight that distinguishes a great conductor who refuses to debase himself with histrionics.

Tastes may well differ, but I think your otherwise excellent reviewing missed the boat this time.

CARLO INFANTE.

Beaverton, Ore.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The boat was going too slow to be missed.*

ORCHESTRA UNVEILED

ROBERT LAWRENCE in his review of Strauss's "Salome" on London Records [*SR*, Apr. 28] expresses well his views regarding the suitability of stereo to Strauss, but I do not believe he can reinforce his argument by assuming Richard Wagner would agree with him.

I believe Mr. Lawrence is in error when he states that Wagner concealed his orchestra at Bayreuth to "submerge tonal elements." From what I have seen at Bayreuth and also read on the subject, Wagner's innovation was mainly artistical, not acoustical, the object being that the musicians should be heard but not seen, that the music drama should prevail.

I also believe that Wagner was a practical enough musician to know how to reduce orchestral power by either written or performed manner.

Furthering this opposing argument, Wagner's tonal elements were not particularly submerged in the very successful London recordings of "Das Rheingold" and "Tristan und Isolde," which had a huge success in stereo because those elements at last became phonographically clear.

ERNEST BIRCHENOUGH.

San Francisco, Calif.

WHO'S WHO?

I HAVE JUST COMPLETED reading the article on Cortot by Jan Holcman [*SR*, July 28]. I and many of my acquaintances consider ourselves fairly literate, but in truth none of us had ever heard of the characters mentioned in the article, to wit: Haskil, Lipatti, Lefébure, Planté, Pugno, Risler, Darré, Sauer, Da Motta, Friedman, Hambourg, etc.

I cannot understand why this author and many others like him have to give the reading public a snow job in order to make a point. The above people are, were, and always will be obscure, and it detracts from the artistic stature of Cortot by associating him with unknowns. If that is the best the author can do, it would be to Cortot's benefit not to be written about.

LAWRENCE I. RAND.

Bronx, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "characters" referred to are some of the principal players in the drama of piano playing during the period of Cortot's lifetime. The fault, dear reader, is in your "stars," not the author's.*

RARA AVIS

YOUR SPECIAL ISSUE on William Faulkner combined with Ralph Ellison's overwhelming essay on Charlie "Bird" Parker [*SR*, July 28] has prompted me to renew my subscription today. The Faulkner issue I was expecting, but Ellison's piece was just too much, man! Somehow it seems significant that Faulkner had called Ellison America's finest living Negro writer. He is certainly one of the finest "any-kind-of" writers living today. Would it be asking too much to have an Ellison article more often?

W. B. KAMINSKY.

Auburn, Ala.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ellison always has had and still has access to the pages of* SR *at his pleasure.*

EARPHONE ADDENDA

SINCE MY ARTICLE "In Both Ears" was published [*SR*, July 28], I have learned that the Sharpe phones are also available as the model HA-10, which is identical with the model tested, except that both cords come from one side of the headphone, rather than meeting under the chin. This is a far more convenient layout.

Those interested in further details on the Bauer circuit will find Mr. Bauer's article on it in the October, 1961, issue of the *Journal of the Audio Engineering Society* and a schematic on page 8 of the October, 1961, issue of *Audio*.

IVAN BERGER.

Hempstead, N. Y.

SCHOOLMATES

I HAVE JUST FINISHED the article "Closing Chorus for the MJQ," by Martin Williams [*SR*, July 14]. This was one of the most impressive articles written about the quarter to date, even though it has a note of sadness in it for true lovers of jazz and classical music and the integration of the two.

People like Thelonious Monk, John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Leonard Bernstein, John Coltrane, Gerry Mulligan, Dave Brubeck, and Quincy Jones all belong to the same class in the school of modern jazz development.

To me, the Modern Jazz Quartet has done more good for modern jazz than any other existing group.

GEORGE BENNETT JAMES, III.

Long Beach, Calif.

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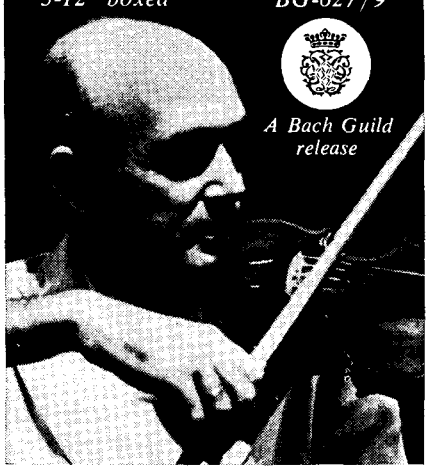
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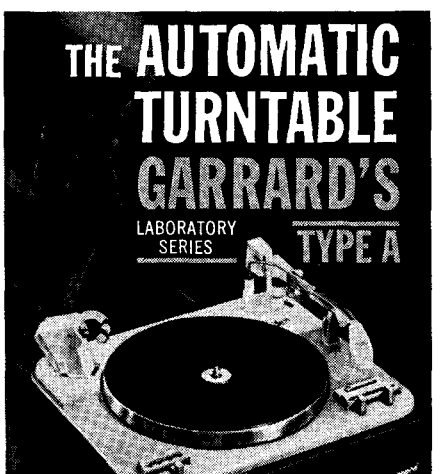
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Recordings in Review

Continued from page 37

"Dormirò sol nel manto" ("Don Carlo"), "Infelice e tu credevi" ("Ernani"); HALÉVY: *"Si la rigueur" ("La Juive");* GOUNOD: *"Le Veau d'or" ("Faust"). Ezio Pinza, bass.* DONIZETTI: *"Ardon gl'incensi," "Spargi d' amaro pianto" ("Lucia di Lammermoor");* VERDI: *"Caro nome" ("Rigoletto") ;* ROSSINI: *"Dunque io son" ("Barber of Seville");* DELIBES: *Bell Song ("Lakmé");* DELL' ACQUA: *"Villanelle." Lily Pons, soprano.* BEETHOVEN: *"Ah! Perfido," "Abscheulicher" ("Fidelio");* WEBER: *"Ozean, du Ungeheuer" ("Oberon"). Kirsten Flagstad, soprano.* RCA Victor LM 6705, $24.98.

Lives there a music lover with soul so dead that he has not possessed Caruso's version of "La donna è mobile," McCormack's "Il mio tesoro," Ponselle's "Casta diva," Gigli's "Recondita armonia," Galli-Curci's "Ombra leggiera," Rethberg's "Morrò, ma prima in grazia" ("Ballo in Maschera"), Tibbett's "Eri tu," Pinza's "Non più andrai," Pons's "Bell Song," or Flagstad's "Ozean, du Ungeheuer"? If so, he may step right up to the counter and possess them, plus additional matter to fill up ten sides—one side per singer—on five LP disks. But not, unfortunately, at the price of five for three at which they were available during the spring. The package has now reverted to the standard rate of $4.98 per disc, which brings it up to $25.00. Too bad, one may say, for those who were not alert at the right time: but, even for those, too bad. For, had they been paying attention when RCA issued much the same material from its files in the "Art of . . . " series on Camden, they could have bought the equivalent (virtually all of what is offered here except the Caruso and Gigli numbers) at much less per item, $1.98 being the going price for those issues when they were current—which is to say, less than ten dollars for any five double-sided issues. Certainly RCA Victor cannot expect the public which endorsed its policy then to be equally pleased now, nor the press which applauded that innovation to react with gratitude to this one.

This, indeed, strikes us as the inverse kind of "deletion," in which an issue is no longer available in the category in which it was last offered not because of insufficient demand but, perhaps, because the demand was too brisk. It might be rebutted that the Red Seal surface material is better than the Camden, and that the latter was offered without text or annotations. Whatever the first circumstance, the recording remains what it was; and in the second case, the brochure by Francis Robinson reads much more like promotional "copy" than annotation, and comment on the music is universally absent. —I.K.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 995

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 995 will be found in the next issue.

KB KLJ QAALDGQCLS TSLD-
KBD QT DGSBCAB, HKLH
NLJB KGD AQCWBFDLHGQC
OBFTBAHSP JBSGVKHTES.
DPJCBP DNGHK.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 994

I have great faith in fools; self-confidence my friends call it.
—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

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Do It Through the U.N.

Continued from page 12

patent, some of our theorists have jumped to the illogical conclusion that we must increasingly rely on power diplomacy.

There is an alternative, and that is to use the new way of dealing with disputes and threats to the peace—the way that is plainly spelled out in the U.N. Charter. This does not mean, as some of the U.N.'s lukewarm "friends" tell us, that its real value is merely to provide a convenient meeting place where old-fashioned power diplomacy can be carried on at closer range. To listen to these theorists, one might think that the only contribution of the U.N. is to save travel bills and telephone charges by putting the diplomatic combatants in one large room. The U.N. is not a bear pit for the convenience of quarreling nations engaged in diplomatic death struggles. Rather, it is an entirely new way of ordering world affairs and settling international disputes—on the basis of merits and principles when present rights are in dispute, and on the basis of the good judgment and conscience of the world community when change becomes necessary.

ALL THIS calls for intelligence and ingenuity in adapting the facilities of the U.N. to particular problems. Practically every time it has dealt with a threat to the peace, there has been some innovation necessary in methods. In Korea, the operation was authorized by the U.N. through the Security Council, but was carried out by the United States and other nations on behalf of the U.N. The U.N. Emergency Force in the Middle East was under direct U.N. command and was created by the General Assembly. The U.N. Force in the Congo was also under direct U.N. command and was created by the Security Council. Various other manifestations of U.N. authority or presence have been used in Greece, Lebanon, Palestine, Indonesia, and other trouble spots.

The significance of this fact is that, when a problem like Southeast Asia is presented, it is no excuse to say there is no ready-made precedent for supplying the exact kind of U.N. presence or auspices that would meet the special needs of the area. If there were sufficient determination, an appropriate formula for U.N. involvement could be worked out, as it has been worked out in these other complex situations.

It is also no excuse to say that the U.N. is powerless to act unless there is accord among the great powers. Indeed, the three largest United Nations actions involving armed forces were all undertaken in spite of the obvious disapproval of one or more of the great powers possessed of the veto in the Security Council. The Soviet Union was opposed to the Korean action, but the action went forward anyway, first because of the Soviet Union's walkout from the Security Council, and later because of its powerlessness to block the extension of the conflict to the Communist Chinese by General Assembly action. Britain and France opposed the U.N. action against their invasion of Suez, and indeed vetoed Security Council action. Nevertheless, the U.N. Emergency Force in the Middle East was created because the General Assembly took over this responsibility. The Soviet Union has been opposed to the Congo operation, but for various reasons decided not to veto action in the Security Council, possibly in part because of what happened to the British and French when their Security Council veto merely transferred the center of action to the General Assembly.

What is required here is no more than the courageous and vigorous reaffirmation of the actions called for by President Eisenhower when he said in his second inaugural:

> We are accordingly pledged to honor, and to strive to fortify, the authority of the United Nations. For in that body rests the best hope of our age for the assertion of that law by which all nations may live in dignity.

And by President Kennedy when he said in his inaugural address:

> To that world assembly of sovereign states, the United Nations, our last best hope in an age where the instruments of war have far outpaced the instruments of peace, we renew our pledge of support—to prevent it from becoming merely a forum for invective—to strengthen its shield of the new and the weak—and to enlarge the area in which its writ may run.

The recent defeatist murmurings about the U.N. and the recent evidences of unwillingness to use U.N. resources in practice, however small and faint they may seem in themselves, should serve a loud and clear warning to all those Americans who are friends of the U.N.

It should signal to them that it is time to go on the offensive and demand that the full force of American policy be thrown into the task of pressing the resources of the U.N. into service at every point where a contribution can be made to peace and world order.

The Oleander

By Welborn Hope

MY mother played Chopin, the time it bloomed
That summer outside her window, in a tub
She watered every day though it was doomed.
Wind raged, dust sifted, and she rose to rub
Piano, mantel, sills with a rag.
I remember
Her face (glimpsed in this window of my years)
With her fingers on the keys, when her oleander
Bloomed in a last euphoria, her tears
Not for the failing tree, but my father's crisis
In his bank—while the drouthbit country crushed
All but her will to shut out those gravelly voices
Everywhere flying as wind and rumors rushed.
Then one day, while still the sprays kept green our lawn,
My father came home, forgot his favorite cigar,
And stood at her window with something in him gone—
A dead oleander fixed in his sick stare.
He tiptoed out, and dragged the prisoned wilt
Quietly to the rear.
But where the tub had been,
A death-pale ring of yellow like his guilt
Outgleamed the glistening lawn's bright bluegrass green.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 19

with a military victory over Batista when a more plausible explanation would be that Castro's harassing tactics forced Batista into a brutal tyranny supported by his loyal armed forces." Now no such statement, nor anything resembling it, appears anywhere in my book and I challenge Johnson to prove otherwise.

DANIEL JAMES.

Mexico, D.F.

I READ THE BOOK before I wrote the review and have now rechecked parts of it. I stand by my original statement except that I will accept Mr. James's objections to my remarks about a Castro military victory, if he will pardon my apparent misinterpretation of his statement on page 73:

> It is one of the ironies of the Cuban struggle that a comparative handful hastened the downfall of a regime whose armed forces numbered many thousands.

JOHN J. JOHNSON.

Stanford University, Calif.

HARTFORD'S WADSWORTH ATHENEUM

KATHERINE KUH'S article "The Wadsworth Atheneum: Accent on Specialties" [*SR*, July 28] made me want to return once again to my childhood haunt, the Atheneum, take a leisurely stroll through its marble halls, reappraise its many objects, and bask in the knowledge that we Hartfordites have indeed a true treasure in our midst.

I could hope that *Saturday Review* will send another ambassador of good will to our fair city and take in, perhaps, the Bushnell Memorial, one of our fine insurance companies, or the Connecticut Historical Society.

BETSY M. DEMING.

Rockville, Conn.

IT WAS EXTREMELY HEARTENING to see Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum receive the recognition it so well deserves, and my thanks to Miss Kuh for taking this "short detour en route to New England from New York." It is my hope that she will take a short detour to the National Gallery in London on her way to England and that she will make a long detour to the Louvre in Paris on her way to France.

STEPHANIE M. MAY.

Bloomfield, Conn.

PLATO AND POLITICS

MR. JAMES K. FEIBLEMAN begins his review of my "Men and Nations" [*SR*, August 4] by saying that it attempts to apply the philosophy of Plato to the facts of political life. Everything else in the review follows from this definition of what the book attempts. May I simply say that it attempts nothing of the sort?

LOUIS J. HALLE.

Geneva, Switzerland

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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

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CAMPS

VENI, VIDI: next year my boy (girl) will be in an *"ideal" camp. Now is the time to write, visit the* Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer, New Jersey.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

COUNTRY LIFE! Good food! Pleasant rooms! On the green, Bridport Lodge, Bridport, Vermont!

PELICAN COVE—*Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside* apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada.

RESOLUTELY SEDENTARY? Restlessly active? Either or both! 250 acre estate—vast mowings—high altitude—extravagant views. Modern, spacious accommodations—finest food. Classic films—lectures—gallery for collectors. Unspoiled—unhurried—unharried. An Inn for all Seasons. Brochure. The Silos, Wilmington, Vermont.

THE FALES. 500 acres woodland beauty. Excellent food. Williamstown, Masachusetts.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT, beautiful fall vacationland. Elevation 2,150' midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. Reduced fall rates. Brochure.

YOUR KIND OF PLACE? They say we are unique for Tanglewood area. Maine-like rustic Lodge, cottages, private cabins. Deep woods, glorious lake, 50 literate people, house party atmosphere, outdoor Hi-Fi, square dancing, unorganized sports, more. Not really a resort, but a "way of life" kind of thing. Probably your cup of tea. Straightforward folder. Chanterwood, "Berkshire Hideaway," Lee, Massachusetts.

NO M.D. We have no license to practice medicine, but our combination of sea, sun and salt air has *worked wonders on some pretty hopeless cases* • Chalfonte-Haddon Hall on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If you live within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160, Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

CAPE COD WATERFRONT cottages. September, $60 weekly. Halperson, Dennis, Massachusetts.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

VACATIONS

HEART OF GREEN MOUNTAIN National Forest near Manchester. Fishing, golf, tennis, swimming available. $12, American plan. Also private apartment with or without meals. Families welcome. Flood Brook House, Peru, Vermont, Phone: VAlley 4-5918, South Londonderry.

WORLD'S FAIR OF FASCINATING HANDCRAFTS. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont, 116 North Main Street on Route 7 North.

FISHING VILLAGE: 18th century house, restaurant, private beach, 6 guest rooms. Like Brittany, but nearer. Gaspe Peninsula. Accessible by train, car, private plane. Until September 20th. L'Auberge Au Pirate, Perce, Province de Quebec.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Elevation 2,100 feet. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. *Delightfully informal atmosphere. Superb continental* cuisine. Adults only. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country inn. All sports on our 250 acre estate. Informal social events. $12-$18 day includes meals. Open all year. Recommended by AAA. For color folder, reservations write Edwin Finch, Manager, *The Northfield, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.*

PISGAH FOREST INN. High, cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Phone Asheville 253-0771. *Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.*

BLUEBERRY HILL! Autumn Scarlet! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food, 8 miles Breadloaf. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. Folder.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $15.20 double occupancy, American *Plan, summer rate. Newly decorated. Elevator.* Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

KING'S ARROW INN with its Sports Shop and Arrowhead Skiway offers delicious meals, lovely country clothes, snow makers, outsize drinks, horses, ski, archery and curling equipment, fireplaces, delightful rooms, night skiing, moonlight skating to waltzes, hunting fishing, guides, too. All in Claremont, N.H. Write for brochure d.

MEXICO — American Plan, from $4.00. Each bedroom with bath, fireplace. Full information: La Quinta, Jocotepec, Jalisco.

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BELMONT LODGE, Belmont, Vermont. Mountains, lake, intimate charm. Reasonable. Open all year.

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TYPICAL REACTION to Gurney's Inn: "..... .... (speechless) ....." Gracious hostelry and private cottages "On the Brink O' the Beach," Montauk, L.I., MOntauk 8-2345. Write Dept. S-23 for more *articulate description.*

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

BOOT AND RACQUET RANCH, Elgin, Arizona. Superb tennis; two green courts, Resident Pro. Magnificent riding in surrounding Coronado National Forest and on our 160 acres. Perfect mile high elevation makes ideal fall climate. Each guest unit with private *bath and fireplace. Brochure.*

VACATIONS

CUERNAVACA for a restful vacation. Best Viennese Cuisine—all diets catered to. 12 acres of beautiful *gardens, swimming pool, horseback riding.* Personal attention—moderate rates. MILLER'S EL BUEN RETIRO, P.O. Box 430, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

TRAVEL

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, including private bath, *from $30 weekly. Convenient to all transportation,* restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YUkon 6-8800.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1482

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

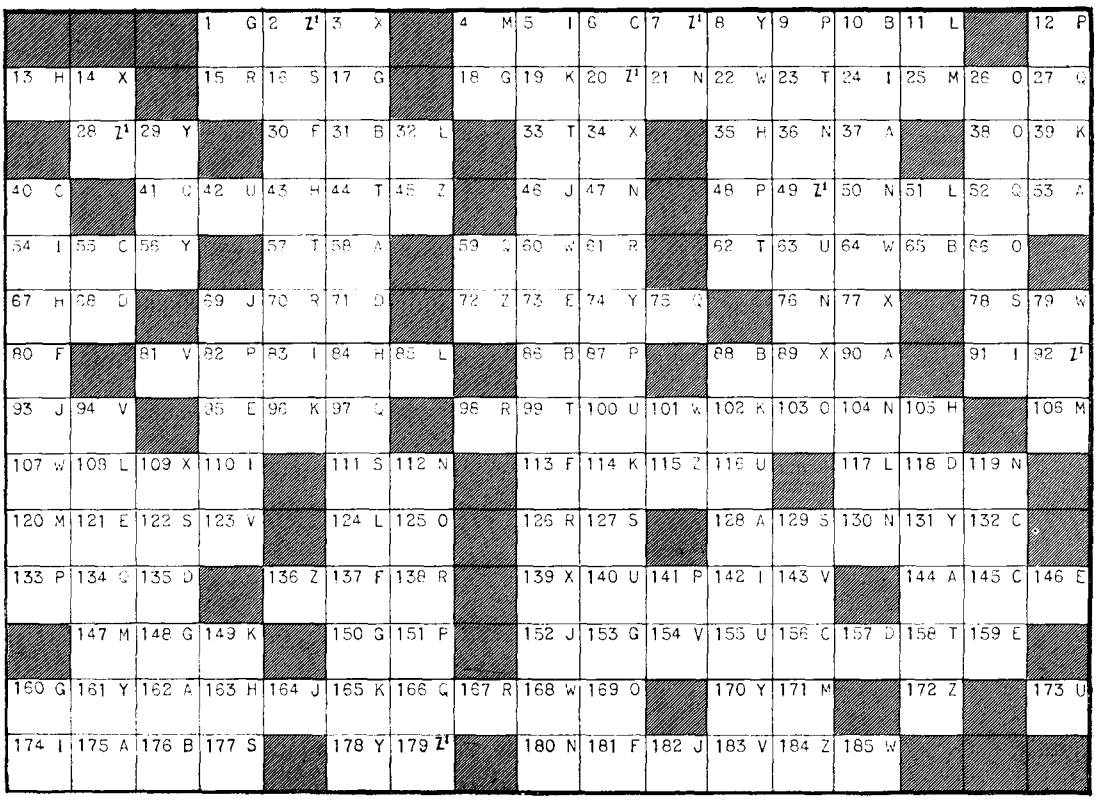
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Rebuilt "Abbey", family home of Byron.	90 58 175 53 144 37 128 162
B. Gaelic "alas!"	10 88 86 31 65 176
C. Pay new attention to.	156 40 145 55 6 132
D. Blunted head of a lance, for jousting.	157 118 135 71 68
E. Before.	121 95 146 73 159
F. Music's dominant seventh chord, plus one more interval.	113 137 80 181 30
G. Like a comb.	148 1 17 153 150 18 160
H. Desire more (than somebody else does).	13 35 84 43 163 105 67
I. Folly.	5 110 142 83 54 24 174 91
J. Great Hungarian-born pediatrician in New York (1877—).	182 164 46 152 69 93
K. To gape.	96 19 39 102 165 149 114
L. Boston suburbs which share a similar name (usually with "The", as a group).	117 85 32 124 108 11 51
M. A harsh squall; in slang, a vociferous complaint.	171 4 25 147 120 106
Where we look for satellites (3 wds.).	21 104 119 76 47 36 130 180 112 50

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Long-haired white dog of NW Amer. Indians.	169 103 125 38 66 26
P. Great German bacteriologist, ass't to Dr. Koch (1858-1945).	48 133 141 9 12 151 87 82
Q. Mode of marching one after the other as closely as possible (2 wds.).	27 134 59 75 97 166 52 41
R. Fibrous mineral much used fireproofing.	70 126 167 138 15 98 61
S. Care for tenderly.	78 111 127 177 122 129 16
T. Significant appellation.	158 99 23 62 57 44 33
U. Like snakes.	42 173 63 100 155 140 116
V. Indicating smallest number of units that make a whole.	154 183 81 94 143 123
W. Pertaining to the west wind.	185 60 22 168 101 64 79 107
X. Subjugate by fear.	34 139 77 14 89 109 3
Y. Genus to which the guppy belongs.	74 131 178 170 56 8 161 29
Z. Soapsuds.	184 172 72 136 115 45
Z¹. Commander of Japanese fleet in China waters, 1942.	179 49 7 2 28 20 92

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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Announcing an unparalleled publishing projec

Leonard Bernstein's

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

His world-famous television concerts-with-commentary will soon be published in a magnificent new book with musical illustrations on 5 long-playing 7″ records

STARTING this fall you can give your children the gift of living with great music — of having their taste and understanding guided and nurtured by a great musician: Leonard Bernstein.

Leonard Bernstein's Young People's Concerts on television are among the phenomena of our age. Millions of us have wanted to relive them — the great music and the flashing insights that have transformed our old habit of "lazy listening" into a richly active adventure in the joy of music.

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They will be published, in the fall of this year, in the form of a unique musical treasure chest: records and a book that together encompass the heart of this extraordinary musical education.

About the contents

THE BOOK, beautifully illustrated with over 50 color pictures and 100 musical examples and diagrams, contains Mr. Bernstein's incomparable commentaries, rewritten for reading.

THE FIVE LONG-PLAYING 7″ RECORDS are performed by major orchestras, chiefly the New York Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein's direction and produced by Columbia Records. They enable you to listen, whenever you wish, to the great music (from Bach and Haydn to the modern American composers, Copland and Ives) that illustrate the major points made in the book.

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Mr. Bernstein's narrative is alive with his exuberant joy in music, his genius for making us understand. He ranges over the whole world of music.

He writes of Beethoven and of folk songs. He shows how Bach constructs a fugue, following "instructions" as precise as those that come with a child's Erector Set — then lets you hear an example, from the fourth Brandenburg Concerto, played by the Philharmonic.

He shows how a symphonic work develops — and grows — from its first note to its finale.

He explains orchestration with a score-it-yourself experiment for the young reader — and a Ravel recording to demonstrate the special effects of the various instruments.

He explains the techniques of composition that produce the shimmering "colors" of Debussy's *La Mer* — and plays it for you. He tells — and illustrates with records — what makes it *romantic*, what makes it American, or French, or Italian; what makes it funny. And one of the special delights in store for you is the example he gives, on a record, from a great symphony that makes you laugh: Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony.

He invites us to experiment with the "meaning of music" through a recording of Moussorgsky. He explains counterpoint in terms of "Three Blind Mice." He leads us closer to the grandeur of Beethoven and Brahms.

He opens innumerable doors to the world of music. Whoever reads the book and listens to the records — be it a child or a highly educated adult — becomes a citizen of that world.

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